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MISCELLANEOUS
POEMS,

BY

SEVERAL HANDS.

Published by D. LEWIS.

*Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse Poetas,
Excerptam numero. ——— Hor.*



LONDON:

Printed by J. WATTS. MDCCLXXVI.

MISCELLANEOUS

W. Musgrave.

BY



Published by J. W. & J. W. 1812

Excerpta numero. 1. Hor.



LONDON:

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To the Right Honourable

THE LORD

Charles Noell Somerset.

My LORD,



HIS Collection of Poems,
which with much Gratitude
is paid as a Debt to All who
have been pleas'd to en-
courage it, I beg Leave to
present to Your Lordship from my particu-
lar Devotion, over and above that Justice
by

D E D I C A T I O N.

by which it is due to You in Common with others : and I am not without Excuse for the Freedom of this Address, if to have had a peculiar Eye to Your Approbation, through the whole Course of the Work, gives me a Title to Your Patronage.

I know not whether I have here the good Fortune to offer You many Things, whose Life and Sprightliness may seem to be calculated to please Your Youth ; but such a Regard will, I hope, appear to have been every where preserv'd for all that is either Sacred, Moral or Decent, as cannot fail of being agreeable to Your Virtue ; and the not offending against Religion and good Manners is, I am sure, in Your Account, so necessary a Qualification to Poetry, that without it all others would be insufficient.

You were yet at School, My LORD,
when I receiv'd those Impressions of You,
which

DEDICATION.

which would make me fear, did I not myself detest it, to approach You with any thing that is profane or licentious; and will always give me that Passion, for a Share in your Regard, with which we pursue the Favour of the Ingenious and the Good. It is not then hard to imagine with what Deference and Affection You are attended at the University; where Your Disposition is the same, and Your Accomplishments greater. May You continue to gain by Your own Merit the Observance and Distinction You have been hitherto unwilling to owe to Your noble Birth alone, and secure an universal Esteem by the only Right that can make it solid and permanent.

I must earnestly intreat You, however the Book may acquit it self to Your Judgment, to indulge me with Your usual Goodness the Employing this Opportunity to shew the Respect and Honour

A 3

which

DEDICATION.

which I bear to Your Lordship ; and
it will afford me very great Satisfaction
if, as You have always given me Reason
to be, You give me Permission to
profess my self,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

most Obedient and

most Humble Servant,

DAVID LEWIS.



THE P R E F A C E.



S the Order in which the following Poems are plac'd, has for the most part, been purely accidental; so neither are the Pieces of the several Gentlemen who have contributed to the Work printed together, but scatter'd and interspers'd throughout the whole. This I thought, since no Author's Name was intended to be mention'd, might be done without making any Confusion; and probably occasion a more agreeable Variety.

What I have of my own are likewise anonymous, and disposed in the same manner with those of my Friends; and if, by not avowing the Parts that belong to us, They and I may seem to have been too careful to avoid Censure, I hope we shall be forgiven, when it shall be

P R E F A C E.

remember'd we at the same time lay no Claim to Praise. Here all things will be try'd, though I cannot say how far all will bear it, by their own Value ; they have before them no celebrated Names to pre-engage the Reader's Approbation, nor exploded ones to bespeak his Dislike. I shall only say in general, that I have received my chiefeſt Assistance from a Sett of Gentlemen of both Universities now in London ; one of which Number, a Fellow of Trinity-College in Cambridge, is Author of most of the Latin Compositions. Were this a Place proper to be particular in my Acknowledgments, I should enlarge on the Obligations I have to those Gentlemen ; but as the Business of a Preface is only to give an Account of the Work, I shall add no more than to wish, which I have no Reason to mistrust, that the World may be as well pleas'd with the good Sense and Ingenuity of their Writing, as I am happy in their Conversation and Friendship.

A few Things in this Collection are owing to other learned Gentlemen, for whose Favours I bear a just Gratitude ; and I am proud to own, I have selected a few from among some Papers
of

P R E F A C E.

of Poetry, in the Hands of one of the best-known and politest Authors of this Age. I have taken the utmost Care I could, to see that all had Justice done them in the Press; and if I have used some Liberties with the Pieces I receiv'd from such of my Assistants as were too remote to be conferr'd with, (for to all others I still communicated any Remark I had to offer) I hope it will be discern'd there was nothing done out of Humour or Vanity, and therefore cannot doubt but they will be ingenuous enough not to be offended.

I have admitted nothing which I knew to be before publish'd, except the Originals of two new Latin Versions, which I thought was absolutely necessary to shew the Justness and Elegance of the Translations; and a Latin Epigram, which is oppos'd to the Imitation of it, as it is newly done in English. One Poem indeed of my own was before printed, of which were distributed among my Acquaintance a few Copies only; and one of another Author, inserted here from his own genuine Manuscript, is I am inform'd already got abroad; but, as he assures me, surreptitious and disguis'd. As

P R E F A C E.

As for the Latin Copies, it must be own'd it is not very usual to have so great a Number of them in our Miscellanies: but 'tis hoped the Learned will be pleas'd to find them no fewer; and that the English Readers will at least excuse them, since they may, perhaps, have given Occasion to some of the best Things which shall here be met with in our own Language; for all of them, which are not themselves Versions of former English, are translated, excepting the three little Pieces at the End: and I should ask Pardon of the Fair-Sex, that those are not; but they are of a particular Scholastic Kind, not altogether so proper for their Perusal.

I shall not go about to vindicate this Miscellany in every Respect, for doubtless there are many Faults in it through my own Want of Judgment, and possibly some through the Mistakes of others; but if it has the good Fortune to be approv'd of in the main, I shall think I have Reason to be extreamly well satisfy'd with my Success.

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ERRATA

- Page 7. Line 7. for Delight read Desire.
P. 10. L. 12. for lifeless read listless.
P. 16. L. 14. for flagrant read fragrant.
P. 48. L. 4. for Laughter read Laughter.
P. 197. L. 1. for spightly read sprightly.
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Miscellaneous Poems.

An O D E

I F I could I sing the Pow'r supreme,
And make th' Omnipotent my Theme;
The first! the last! be He the Choice,
Be He my Song that gave me Voice!

Rise, O my Soul, with Vigor rise,
And wing thy noblest Faculties:
Thy God with all thy Reason trace,
And stretch thy Thought o'er Time and Space.

B

Begin

Begin the Song; and first disclose,
How with Eternity He rose!
Whence, What, and How He is, define;
And speak the Entity Divine.

To view Him at his Source, my Soul,
Turn back, and thither turn thee whole:
The long unmeasur'd Course essay,
And launch into the trackless Way.

Thro' Ages and thro' Ages glide;
O'er Myriads and o'er Myriads stride:
Thro' Time's ideal Progress run,
And grasp the Point where He begun.

Back still, still back: but oh! forbear;
Thou strain'st in vain to reach Him there:
That Point for ever flies the Thought,
For ever equally remote.

Then

Then turn thee where his Arms embrace
The vast Immensity of Space;
Thither expand thee all abroad,
And mark the Image of thy God.

Haste, ardent and unwearied haste,
And Worlds and Worlds behind thee cast:
Wide through the Void æthereal stray;
Away, my Soul; and yet away.

But see how Skies succeed to Skies!
See Prospect after Prospect rise!
Still, still they rise, and still extend,
Fatigue the Ken, and never end!

Ah, fond eluded Soul! who flows
Whence underiv'd Duration flows?
What Mind conceives, what Tongue repeats,
Where infinite Expansion sets?

Yet urge thy Aim; and try to scan,
How Man is God, and God is Man!
With Reason's Eye prepare to see,
How Three are One, and One is Three!

The mighty Mysteries invade,
Call Art and Nature to thy Aid;
Range all the Stores thou draw'st from Sense,
And form the grand Solution thence.

But here again, bewilder'd, lost
Are all th' Ideas thou canst boast:
Th' unequal Task is too sublime;
'Tis boundless Space! 'tis birthless Time!

How God exists, and what He is,
His own Omniscience only sees!
Desist, my Soul, and dare no more;
'Tis thine to wonder and adore.

S O N G

Miscellaneous Poems.

S O N G.

I.

WHAT Man, in his Wits, had not rather
Than for Lucre his Freedom to give? ^{[be poor,}

Ever busy the Means of his Life to secure,

And so ever neglecting to live.

II.

Inviron'd from Morning to Night in a Crowd,

Not a Moment unbent, or alone :

Constrain'd to be abject, tho' never so proud,

And at every one's Call, but his own.

III.

Still repining, and longing for Quiet each Hour,

Yet studiously flying it still ;

With the Means of enjoying his Wish in his Pow'r,

But accurst with his wanting the Will.

B 3

IV. For

IV.

For a Year must be past, or a Day must be come,
Before he has Leisure to rest:

He must add to his Store this or that pretty Sum;
And then will have Time to be blest.

V.

But his Gains, more bewitching the more they in-
Only swell the Desire of his Eye; [crease,

Such a Wretch let mine Enemy live, if he please;

Let not even mine Enemy die.

Epitaph on TOM D'URFEY.

HERE lyes the *Lyrick*, who with Tale and
Did Life to threescore Years and ten pro- [Song,
His Tale was pleasant, and his Song was sweet; [long:
His Heart was chearful— but his Thirst was great.
Grieve, Reader, grieve, that he, too soon grown old,
His Song has ended, and his Tale has told.

The

The D E C A N T E R.

From the Greek.

O Thou, that high thy Head dost bear,
With round, smooth Neck, and single Ear;
With well-turn'd, narrow Mouth, from whence
Flow Streams of noblest Eloquence:
'Tis Thou that fir'st the Bard Divine,
Sacred to *Phæbus* and the Nine;
That Mirth and soft Delight canst move, *Desire*
Sacred to *Venus* and to Love.
Yet, spight of all thy Virtues rare,
Thou'rt not a Boon-Companion fair;
Thou'rt full of Wine when thirsty I,
And when I'm drunk, then Thou art dry.



*B E D L A M.**— major parcas insane minori.*

WHERE proud *Augusta*, blest with long
repose,

Her ancient Wall and ruin'd Bulwark shows,
Close by a verdant Plain, with graceful Height
A stately Fabrick rises to the sight.
Yet, though its Parts all elegantly shine,
And sweet Proportion crowns the whole Design,
Though Art, in strong expressive Sculpture shown,
Consummate Art informs the breathing Stone ;
Far other Views than these within appear,
And Woe and Horror dwell for ever here ;
For ever, from the echoing Roof rebounds
A dreadful Din of Miscellaneous Sounds :

From

From this, from that, from every Quarter rise
Loud Shouts, and sullen Groans, and doleful Cries:
Heart-softning Complaints demand the pitying Tear,
And Peals of hideous Laughter shock the Ear.
Thus when within some heav'nly Form we find,
The Passions rampant, and the Reason blind,
Griev'd, we behold such Beauty giv'n in vain,
And Nature's fairest Work survey with Pain.

Within the Chambers which this Dome contains,
In all her frantick forms, Distraction reigns.
For, when the Sense from various Objects brings
Through Organs craz'd the Images of Things,
Ideas, all extravagant and vain,
In endless Swarms croud in upon the Brain:
The cheated Reason true and false confounds,
And wild Conclusions forms from idle Grounds:
Then, if the Blood impetuous swells the Veins,
And Choler in the Constitution reigns,

Out-

Outragious Fury strait inflames the Soul,
Quick beats the Pulse, and fierce the Eye-balls roll :
Ratling his Chains, the Wretch all raving lyes,
And roars, and foams, and Earth and Heav'n defies.
Not so, when gloomy the black Bile prevails,
And lumpish Phlegm the thicken'd Mass congeals;
All lifeless then is the poor Patient found,
And sits for ever moping on the Ground ;
His active Pow'rs their Uses all forego, [know :
Nor Senses, Tongue nor Limbs their Functions
In Melancholy lost, the vital Flame
Informs, and just informs, the lifeless Frame.
If brisk the circulating Tides advance,
And nimble Spirits through the Fibres dance ;
Then all the Images delightful rise,
The tickled Fancy sparkles thro' the Eyes ;
The Mortal, to fantastick Mirth consign'd,
In ev'ry Gesture shews his freakish Mind :

Frolick

Frolick and free, he laughs at Fortune's Pow'r,
And plays ten thousand Gambols in an Hour,

Now entring in, my Muse, thy Theme pursue
Through all the Dome ; and each Apartment
Within this lonely Lodge, in solemn Port, [view.

A shiv'ring Monarch keeps his awful Court,
And, far and wide as boundless Thought can stray,
Extends a vast imaginary Sway :

Utopian Princes bow before his Throne,
Lands unexisting his Dominion own,
And airy Realms, and Regions in the Moon. }

The Pride of Dignity, the Pomp of State,
The dazling Glories of the envy'd Great
Rise to his View, and in his Fancy swell ;
And Guards and Courtiers croud his empty Cell.
See how he stalks majestick through the Throng!
(Behind he trails his tatter'd Robes along)

And

And cheaply blest, and innocently vain,
 Enjoys the dear Delusion of his Brain ;
 In this small Spot expatiates unconfin'd,
 Supreme of Monarchs, first of human Kind.
 Such Joy, such Ecstasy as this, possess
 On some triumphal Day great *Cæsar's* Breast,
 (Great *Cæsar*, scarce beneath the Gods ador'd,
 The World's proud Victor, *Rome's* acknowledg'd
 With all his Glories in their utmost Height,
 And all his Pow'r display'd before his Sight.
 Unnumber'd Trophies grace the pompous Train,
 And captive Kings indignant drag their Chain.
 With lawrel'd Ensigns glitt'ring from afar,
 His Legions, glorious Partners of the War,
 His conquering Legions march behind the golden
 Whilst Shouts on Shouts from gather'd Nations
 And endless Acclamations rend the Skies.

For

For this, to vex Mankind with dire Alarms,
Urging with rapid Speed his restless Arms,
From Clime to Clime the mighty Madman flew;
Ne'er tasted Quiet, nor Contentment knew:
But spread wild Ravage all the World abroad:
The Plague of Nations, and the Scourge of God.

Poor *Chloe* — whom Yon little Cell contains,
Of broken Vows and faithless Man complains.
Her heaving Bosom speaks her inward Woe,
Her Tears in melancholy Silence flow.
Yet still her fond Desires tumultuous rise,
Melt her sad Soul, and languish in her Eyes,
And form her wild Ideas, as they rove,
To all the tender Images of Love:
And still she soothes and feeds the flatt'ring Pain;
False as he is, still, still she loves her Swain,
To hopeless Passion yields her Heart a Prey,
And sighs and sings the live-long Hours away.

So mourns th' imprison'd Lark his hapless Fate,
In Love's soft Season ravish'd from his Mate;
Fondly fatigues his unavailing Rage,
And hops and flutters round and round his Cage:
And moans and droops, with pining Grief oppress'd;
Whilst sweet Complainings warble from his Breast.

Lo Here a Wretch, to Avarice resign'd,
'Midst gather'd Scraps and Rags and Shreds confin'd:
His Riches these — for these he rakes, and spares;
These rack his Bosom, these engross his Cares;
O'er these he broods, for ever void of Rest,
And hugs the sneaking Passion of his Breast.
See, from himself the sordid Niggard steals,
Reserves large Scantlings from his slender Meals,
Scarce to his Bowels half their Due affords,
And starves his Carcase to encrease his Hoards;
'Till to huge Heaps the treasur'd Offals swell,
And stink in every Corner of his Cell.

And

And thus with wond'rous Wisdom he purveys,
Against contingent Want and rainy Days,
And scorns the Fools that dread not to be poor,
But eat their Morfel, and enjoy their Store.

Behold a Sage! immerst in Thought profound,
For Knowledge he, for various Skill renown'd!
At no mean Ends his Speculations aim,
(Vile Pelf he scorns, nor covets empty Fame)
The public Good, the Welfare of Mankind
Employ the gen'rous Labour of his Mind:
For This his rich Imagination teems
With rare Inventions, and important Schemes.
All day his close Attention he applies,
Nor gives he midnight Slumbers to his Eyes:
Content if This his toilsome Studies crown;
And, for the World's Repose, neglects his own.
All Nature's secret Causes he explores,
The Laws of Motion, and Mechanic Pow'rs;

Hence

Hence ev'n the Elements his Art obey; [Sway,
O'er Earth, o'er Fire, he spreads his wond'rous }
And thro' the liquid Sky, and o'er the watry Way. }
Hence, ever pregnant with some vast Design,
He drains the Moor-land, or he sinks the Mine;
Or levels lofty Mountains to the Plain,
Or stems the roaring Torrents of the Main;
Forc'd up by Fire, he bids the Water rise,
And points its Course reverted to the Skies.
His ready Fancy still supplies the Means,
Forges his Tools, and fixes his Machines,
Erects his Sluices, or his Mounds sustains,
And whirls perpetual Windmills in his Brains.
All Problems has his lively Thought subdu'd,
Measur'd the Stars, and found the Longitude,
And squar'd the Circle, and the Tides explain'd.
The grand *Arcanum* once he had attain'd,

Had

Had quite attain'd, but that a Pipkin broke,
 And all his golden Hopes expir'd in Smoke!
 And once, his Soul inflam'd with Patriot Zeal,
 A Scheme he finish'd for his Country's Weal:
 This in a private Conference made known,
 A Statesman stole, and us'd it as his own;
 And then (O Baseness!) the Deceit to blind,
 Our poor Projector in this Jayl confin'd.

The Muse forbears to visit every Cell,
 Each Form, each Object of Distress to tell:
 To shew the Fopling, curious in his Dress,
 Gayly trick'd out in gawdy Raggedness;
 The Poet, ever rapt in glorious Dreams
 Of Pagan Gods, and *Heliconian* Streams;
 The wild Enthusiast, that despairing sees
 Predestin'd Wrath, and Heav'n's severe Decrees:
 Through these, through more sad Scenes she grieves
 And paint the whole Variety of Woe. [to go,

Mean-time, on These O look with kind Concern!
 And hence this just, this useful Lesson learn.
 If strong Desires thy reasoning Pow'rs controul,
 If arbitrary Passions sway thy Soul;
 If Pride, if Envy, if the Lust of Gain,
 If wild Ambition in thy Bosom reign,
 Alas! thou boast'st thy sober Sense in vain:
 In these poor *Bedlamites* thy self survey;
 Thy self, less innocently mad than they.

*On the setting up Mr. BUTLER's Monument in
 Westminster Abby.*

WHILE *Butler*, needy Wretch! was yet
 No gen'rous Patron would a Dinner give:
 See him, when starv'd to Death and turn'd to Dust,
 Presented with a Monumental Bust!
 The Poet's Fate is here in Emblem shown;
 He ask'd for Bread, and he receiv'd a Stone.

The

The COBLER, A TALE.

YOUR Sage and Moralist can show
Many Misfortunes here below ;

A Truth which no one ever miss'd,

Tho' neither Sage nor Moralist :

Yet, all the Troubles notwithstanding,

Which Fate or Fortune has a hand in,

Fools to themselves will more create,

In spite of Fortune and of Fate.

Thus oft are dreaming Wretches seen,

Tortur'd with Vapours, and with Spleen ;

Transform'd (at least in their own Eyes)

To Glass, or China, or Goose-Pies.

Others will to themselves appear

Stone-dead, as *Will* the Conqueror ;

And all the World in vain might strive

To face them down that they're alive.

Unlucky Males with Child will groan,
And forely dread their lying down ;
As fearing, that to ease their Pain,
May puzzle Doctor *Chamberlain*.

Imaginary Evils flow,
Merely a want of real Woe ;
And when prevailing Whimsies rise,
As monstrous wild Absurdities
Are, ev'ry Hour, and ev'ry Minute,
Found without *Bedlam*, as within it.
Which if you further would have shown,
And Leisure have to read — read on.

There liv'd a Gentleman, possess
Of all that Mortals reckon best :
A Seat well-chose in wholesome Air,
With Gardens and with Prospects fair :
His Land from Debt and Jointure free ;
His Money, never in *South-Sea* ;

His

His Health of Body firm and good,
Tho' past the Hey-day in his Blood :
His Confort fair, and good, and kind ;
His Children rising to his Mind :
His Friends ingenious and sincere ;
His Honour, nay his Conscience clear :
He wanted nought of human Blifs,
But Pow'r to taste his Happiness.

Too near, alas ! this great Man's Hall
A merry Cobler had a Stall ;
An arch old Wag as e'er you knew,
With Breeches red, and Jerkin blue :
Chearful at Working, as at Play,
He sung and whistled Life away :
When rising Morning glads the Sky,
Clear as the merry Lark, and high ;
When Evening Shades the Landskip veil,
Late warbling as the Nightingale.

Tho' Pence came flow, and Trade was ill,
Yet still he sung, and whistled still ;
Tho' patch'd his Garb, and coarse his Fare,
He laugh'd, and cast away old Care.

The rich Man view'd, with Discontent,
His tatter'd Neighbour's Merriment ;
With Envy grudg'd, and pin'd to see
A Beggar pleasanter than He :
And, by degrees, to hate began
Th'intolerable happy Man ;
Who haunted him, like any Sprite,
From Morn to Eve, by Day and Night.

It chanc'd as once in Bed he lay,
When Dreams are true, at break of Day,
He heard the Cobler at his Sport,
Amidst his Music stopping short :
Whether his Morning Draught he took,
Or warming Whiff of wonted Smoke.

The

The Squire suspected, being shrewd,
This Silence boded him no good,
And, 'cause he nothing saw nor heard,
A Machiavilian Plot he fear'd.
Strait Circumstances crowded plain
To vex and plague his jealous Brain :
Trembling, in Pannic Dread he lies,
With gaping Mouth and staring Eyes ;
And straining wistful both his Ears,
He soon persuades himself he hears
One skip and caper up the Stairs,
Sees the Door open quick, and knew
His dreaded Foe in Red and Blue,
Who, with a running Jump, he thought,
Leapt plumb directly down his Throat,
Laden with Tackle of his Stall,
Last, Ends, and Hammer, Strap, and Awl :
No sooner down, than with a Jerk
He fell to Musick, and to work.

If much he griev'd our Don before,
When but o' th' outside of his Door ;
How forely must he now molest,
When got o' th' inside of his Breast !
The waking Dreamer groans and swells,
And Pangs imaginary feels ;
Catches and Scraps of Tunes he hears,
For ever ringing in his Ears ;
Ill-favour'd Smells his Nose displease,
Mundungus strong, and rotten Cheese :
He feels him, when he draws his Breath,
Or tug the Leather with his Teeth,
Or beat the Sole, or else extend
His Arms to th' utmost of his End,
Enough to crack, when stretch'd so wide,
The Ribs of any mortal Side.
Is there no Method then, to fly
This vile intestine Enemy ?

What

What can be done, in this Condition,
But sending instant for Physician?

The Doctor, having heard the Case,
Burst into Laughter in his Face:

Told him, he needs no more than rise,

Open his Windows, and his Eyes;

Whistling and stitching there to see

The Cocker, as he us'd to be.

Sir, quoth the Patient, your Pretences

Shall ne'er persuade me from my Senses,

How should I rise? the heavy Brute

Will hardly let me wag a Foot.

Tho' Seeing for Belief may go,

Yet Feeling is the Truth, you know:

I feel him in my Sides, I tell ye;

Had you a Cocker in your Belly,

You scarce would flee as now you do:

I doubt your Guts would grumble too.

Still

Still do you laugh? I tell you, Sir,
I'd kick you soundly, could I stir.
Thou Quack, that never hadst Degree
In either University:
Thou meer Licenciate, without Knowledge,
The Shame and Scandal of the College,
I'll call my Servants, if you stay;
So, Doctor, scamper while you may,

One thus dispatch'd, a second came,
Of equal Skill, and greater Fame:
Who swore him mad as a *March Hare*.
(For Doctors, when provok'd, will swear.)
To drive such Whimsies from his Pate,
He drag'd him to the Window strait,
But jilting Fortune can devise
To baffle and outwit the wife:
The Cobler, ere expos'd to view,
Had just pull'd off his Jerkin blue;

Not

Not dreaming 'twould his Neighbour hurt,
 To sit in *Fresco* in his Shirt.
 Ah! quoth the Patient, with a Sigh,
 You know him not so well as I;
 The Man who down my Throat is run,
 Has got a true-blue Jerkin on.
 In vain the Doctor rav'd and tore,
 Argu'd and fætted, stamp'd and swore;
 Told him he might believe as well,
 The Giant of *Pantagrue*
 Did oft, as break his Fast or sup,
 For poach'd Eggs swallow Windmills up;
 Or that the *Holland* Dame could bear
 A Child, for ev'ry Day i'th' Year.
 The vapour'd Dotard, grave and fly,
 Mistook for Truth each rapping Lye;
 And drew Conclusions such as these,
 Resistless, from the Premisses.

I hope, my Friends, you'll grant me all,
A Windmill's bigger than a Stall:
And since the Lady brought alive
Children, Three hundred sixty five ;
Why should you think there is not room
For one poor Cobler in my Womb?
Thus every thing his Friends could say
The more confirm'd him in his way :
Farther convinc'd, by what they tell,
'Twas certain, tho' impossible.

Now worse and worse his piteous State
Was grown, and almost desperate :
Yet still the Utmost bent to try,
Without more Help he would not die.
An old Phyfician, fly and shrewd,
With Management of Face endu'd,
Heard all his Tale; and ask'd, with Care,
How long the Cobler had been there?

Noted

Noted distinctly what was said;
 Lift up his Eyes, and shook his Head,
 And grave accosts him, on this Fashion,
 After mature Deliberation,
 With serious and important Face:
 Sir, yours is an uncommon Case:
 Tho' I've read *Galen's Latin* o'er,
 I never met with it before;
 Nor have I found the like Disease
 In Stories of *Hippocrates*.
 Then, after a convenient Stay,
 Sir, if Prescription you'll obey,
 My Life for yours, I'll set you free
 From this same two-legg'd Tympany.
 'Tis true, you're gone beyond the Cure
 Of fam'd Worm-Powder of *John Moor*;
 Besides, if downwards he be sent,
 I fear he'll split your nether Vent:

But

But then your Throat, you know, is wide,
 And scarcely clos'd, since it was try'd;
 The same Way he got in, 'tis plain,
 There's Room to fetch him out again:
 I'll bring the forked Worm away,
 Without a *Dysenteria*;
Emetics strong will do the Feat,
 If taken *Quantum sufficit*;
 I'll see my self the proper Dose,
 And then *Hypnoticks* to compose.
 The Wretch, tho' languishing and weak,
 Reviv'd already by the Greek,
 Cries, What so learn'd a Man as you
 Prescribes, Dear Doctor, I shall do.
 The Vomit speedily was got,
 The Cobler sent for to the Spot,
 And taught to manage the Deceit,
 And not his Doublet to forget.

But first the Operator wife
Over the Sight a Bandage ties:
For Vomits always strain the Eyes.
Courage! I'll make you disembogue,
Spight of his Teeth, th' unlucky Rogue;
I'll drench the Rascal, never fear,
And bring him up, or drown him there.
Warm Water down he makes him pour,
'Till his stretch'd Guts could hold no more;
Which doubly swoll'n, as you may think,
Both with the Cobler, and the Drink,
What they receiv'd against the Grain,
Soon paid with Interest back again.
Here come his Tools! he can't be long,
Without his Hammer and his Thong.
The Cobler humour'd what was spoke,
And gravely carry'd on the Joke;
As he heard nam'd each single Matter,
He chuck'd it fouse into the Water;

And

And then, not to be seen as yet,
 Behind the Door made his Retreat.
 The sick Man now takes Breath a-while,
 Strength to recruit for farther Toil;
 Unblinded he, with joyful Eyes,
 The Tackle floating there espies;
 Fully convinc'd within his Mind,
 The Cocker could not stay behind;
 Who to the Alehouse still would go,
 Whene'er he wanted Work to do:
 Nor could he like his present Place,
 He ne'er lov'd Water in his Days.
 At length he takes a second Bout,
 Enough to turn him inside out;
 With Vehemence so fore he strains,
 As would have split another's Brains.
 Ay! here the Cocker comes, I swear!
 (And Truth it was, for he was there.)
 And,

And, like a rude ill-manner'd Clown,
Kick'd, with his Foot, the Vomit down.
The Patient, now grown wondrous light;
Whipp'd off the Napkin from his Sight;
Briskly lift up his Head, and knew
The Breeches and the Jerkin's Hue:
And smil'd to hear him grumbling say,
As down the Stairs he ran his way,
He'd ne'er set Foot within his Door,
And jump down open Throats no more:
No; while he liv'd, he'd ne'er again
Run, like a Fox, down the Red Lane.

Our Patient thus, his Inmaté gone,
Cur'd of the Crotchets in his Crown,
Joyful his Gratitude expresses,
With thousand Thanks, and hundred Pieces.
And thus, with much of Pains and Cost,
Regain'd the Health, he never lost.

M O R A L.

Taught by long Miseries, we find
Repose is seated in the Mind;
And most Men soon or late have own'd,
'Tis there, or no where, to be found.
This real Wisdom timely knows,
Without Experience of the Woes;
Nor needs instructive Smart, to see,
That all on Earth is Vanity.
Loss, Disappointment, Passion, Strife,
Whate'er torments, or troubles Life,
Tho' groundless, grievous in its Stay,
'Twill shake our Tenements of Clay,
When past, as nothing we esteem;
And Pain like Pleasure is but Dream.



HORACE, Ode XI. Book I.

To LEUCONOE.

TIS ill; attempt not to foresee
The Ends ordain'd for You and Me:
No; never to Magicians run,
To learn the Fate, You cannot shun:
Whether more Winters You may taste,
Or this Year's Snow descends Your last;
Ask not the Gods' Decrees to know,
But use the Blessings they bestow:
From lengthen'd Cares, from fruitless Strife,
O snatch this little Blaze of Life!
Our Age endures continual Death;
And wastes with every wasting Breath:
Arrest To-day, for Time's a Thief,
And lend the Morrow no Belief.

DESCRIPTION of the SPRING.

From ANACREON.

Gladsome Spring brings on the Year,
And all things with a Smile appear;

The Earth with sweetest Flow'rs is spread,

In Green of loveliest Verdure clad.

Peace, whilst roaring Tempests sleep,

Smooths the Wrinkles of the Deep.

The Sun, which late shone out from high

Feebly thro' the frozen Sky,

Now rejoices to display

All the Majesty of Day.

Men are ravish'd with the Scene ;

Cheerful Looks, and Mirth serene,

And Joy in every Face are seen.

The Trees, with flagrant Blossoms crown'd,

Breathe their Odours all around.

The

The Vine the Genial Heat receives ;
Thro' the Branches, thro' the Leaves,
Gently glides the vital Sap,
And animates the glorious Grape.

S O N G.

I.

Forgive, fair Creature, form'd to please,
Forgive a wond'ring Youth's Desire:
Those Charms, those Virtues when he sees,
How can he see, and not admire?

II.

While each the other still improves,
The fairest Face, the fairest Mind ;
Not, with the Proverb, he that loves,
But he that loves You not, is blind.

WILLIAM *and* MARGARET.

A BALLAD.

I.

When all was wrapt in dark Midnight,
 And all were fast a-sleep,
 In glided *Marg'ret's* grimly Ghost,
 And stood at *William's* Feet.

II.

Her Face was like the *April* Morn,
 Clad in a Wintry Cloud;
 And Clay-cold was her lilly Hand,
 That held the fable Shrowd.

III.

So shall the fairest Face appear,
 When Youth and Years are flown;
 Such is the Robe that Kings must wear,
 When Death has rest their Crown.

IV. Her

THYRSIS & CHLOE.

Carmen, Latine redditum.

I.

O Mnia Nox tenebris, tacitâque involverat um-
[brâ,
Et fessos homines vinxerat alta quies;

Cum valvæ patuere & passu illapsa silenti,

Thyrſidis ad lectum stabat imago Chloes.

II.

Vultus erat, qualis lachrymofi vultus Aprilis,

Cui dubia hyberno conditur imbre dies;

Quaque ſepulchralem a pedibus collegit amictum,

Candidior nivibus, frigidiorque Manus.

III.

Cumque dies aberunt molles, & leta juvenus,

Gloria pallebit ſic, Cypariſſi, tua:

Cùm mors decutiet capiti diademata, Regum

Hâc erit in trabeâ conſpiciendus Honos.

D 4

IV. Forma

IV.

Her Bloom was like the springing Flow'r,
That sips the silver Dew;
The Rose was budded in her Cheek,
And opening to the View.

V.

But Love had, like the Canker-Worm,
Consum'd her early Prime:
The Rose grew pale, and left her Cheek;
She dy'd before her Time.

VI.

Awake, she cry'd, thy true Love calls,
Come from her Midnight Grave;
Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,
Thy Love refus'd to save.

VIII.

This is the dark and fearful Hour,
When injur'd Ghosts complain;

Now

IV.

*Forma fuit (dum forma fuit) nascentis ad instar
 Floris, cui cano gemmula rore tumet ;
 Et veneres risere, & subrubuere labella,
 Subrubet ut teneris purpura prima rosis.*

V.

*Sed lenta exedit tabes mollemque ruborem,
 Et faciles risus, & juvenile decus :
 Et rosa paulatim languens, nudata reliquit
 Oscula ; præripuit mors properata Chloen,*

VI.

*Excute Te somnis ; nocturno egressa sepulchro
 Evocat infidum Thyrsida fida Chloë.
 Tandem o ! nunc tandem miserere, audique puellam,
 Cui tuus invidit vivere durus amor.*

VII.

*Hæ tenebræ querulos manes, hæc elicit Hôra,
 Ut tumulis referent humida claustra suis ;*

Now dreary Graves give up their Dead,
To haunt the faithless Swain.

VIII.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy Fault,
Thy Pledge, and broken Oath;
And give me back my Maiden Vow,
And give me back my Troth.

IX.

How could you say my Face was fair,
And yet that Face forsake?
How could you win my Virgin Heart,
Yet leave that Heart to break?

X.

How could you promise Love to me,
And not that Promise keep?
Why did you swear mine Eyes were bright,
Yet leave those Eyes to weep?

XI. How

*Spectraque discurrunt, perjuri terror Amantis;
Ut trepidum infestent exagitentque reum.*

VIII.

*Thyrsi, tuum crimen, solenne recollige fœdus,
Et revoca læsos in tua vota Deos.
Virgineamque fidem, jurataque verba remitte;
Et mea redde mihi vota, resume tua.*

IX.

*In quâ defixus toties hæerere solebas,
Quî faciem poteras destituisse meam?
Quî tenerum, & rerum ignarum mihi vincere pectus,
Victumque indignis discruciare modis?*

X.

*Promisso quianam, nimis ab! promissor, amore,
Polliciti poteras immemor esse Tui?
Laudatis quianam, nimis ab! laudator, ocellis
Extingui multo passus es imbre faces?*

XI. Dicere

XI.

How could you say my Lip was sweet,

And made the Scarlet pale ?

And why did I, young witless Maid,

Believe the flatt'ring Tale ?

XII.

That Face, alas ! no more is fair ;

That Lip no longer red ;

Dark are mine Eyes, now clos'd in Death,

And ev'ry Charm is fled.

XIII.

The hungry Worm my Sister is ;

This Winding-sheet I wear ;

And cold and weary lasts our Night,

'Till that last Morn appear.

XIV.

But hark ! the Cock has warn'd me hence :

A long and last Adieu !

Come

XI.

*Dicere cur poteras, Labium tibi suæve rubescit ;
Et facit, ut cedat purpura pallidior ?*

*Dicere cur poteras ? & ego rudis, inscia Virgo,
Cur blandum adjuvi credulitate dolum ?*

XII.

*Nulla mihi, heu ! floret facies, quæ floruit : ecce !
Quæ rubuere, mihi nulla labella rubent.*

*Mors, obsignatos tenebris, mihi clausit ocellos ;
Gratia desertæ nec super una genæ est.*

XIII.

*Germanus mihi Vermis edax, depascitur artus
Cognatos ; nec adhuc est satiata fames :*

*Et gelidæ & longæ restant mihi tædia noctis,
Dum noctem excipiat longa, suprema dies.*

XIV.

*Sed cantu, audistin' ? monuit me Gallus abire ;
Thyrsi, vale ; longum, perfide Thyrsi, vale.*

Come see, false Man, how low she lies,
That dy'd for Love of you.

XV.

Now Birds did sing, and Morning smile,
And shew her glistering Head;
Pale *William* shook in ev'ry Limb,
Then raving left his Bed.

XVI.

He ly'd him to the fatal Place
Where *Marg'ret's* Body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green Grass Turf,
That wrapt her Breathless Clay.

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on *Marg'ret's* Name,
And thrice he wept full fore;
Then laid his Cheek to the cold Earth,
And Word spake never more.



*Vise tamen, tumulo quàm sit defossa sepulchro,
Quæ miserum urgebat funus amore Tui.*

XV.

*Jam Volucres cecinere, & festinavit ab Ortu,
Purpureo risu, Sol aperire diem ;
Pallidus obstupuit Thyrsis, tremulusque cubili
(Ah tremor ! ah pallor conscius !) exiliit.*

XVI.

*Fatalem ad tumulum cursu contendit anhelus,
Quo jacuit gelidâ morte soluta Chloe ;
Cespitemque in viridi, qui subrûs flebile textit
Corpus, se mæstum projiciebat onus.*

XVII.

*Terque Chloen gemitu gemuit, ter voce vocavit,
Et bibulam lachrymis ter madefecit humum ;
Nudaque telluri nudæ dans oscula, nunquam
Aut vocem lachrymis addidit, aut gemitum.*



On the Death of PENKETHMAN.

THE Crowded Theater's Delight,
 Poor *Pinky* ! has play'd out his Play ;
 His *Exit*, his last *Exit*, made !

Say, *Comick Mirth*, and *Laughter*, say,

Alas ! poor *Pinky* !

Whene'er his Face, that matchless Face,

Poor *Pinky's* Face, which now is Clay,

In merry Likeness shall be seen,

With pleasing kind Remembrance say,

Alas ! poor *Pinky* !

The heaving Sigh, and falling Tear,

If near poor *Pinky's* Grave you stray,

Would Sorrow too expensive be ;

Grieve only with a Smile, and say,

Alas ! poor *Pinky* !

HORACE

HORACE, ODE IX. BOOK III.

HORACE and LYDIA.

H O R A C E.

W HILE I was fond, and you were kind,
Nor any dearer Youth, reclin'd
On your soft Bosom, sought to rest ;
Phraates was not half so blest.

L Y D I A.

While you ador'd no other Face;
Nor lov'd me in the second Place ;
My happy celebrated Fame
Outshone ev'n *Ilia's* envy'd Name.

H O R A C E.

Me *Cloe* now possesses whole ;
Her Voice and Lyre possess my Soul:
Nor would I Death it self decline,
Could hers be respited by mine.

E

LT.

LYDIA.

For me young lovely *Calais* burns,
 And Warmth for Warmth my Heart returns ;
 Twice would I Life with ease resign,
 Could his be ransom'd once with mine.

HORACE.

What if sweet Love, whose Bands we broke,
 Again should take us to his Yoke :
 Discarded *Cloe* cease to reign,
 And *Lydia* her lost Pow'r regain ?

LYDIA.

Than *Hesperus* tho' brighter He,
 Thou wilder than the raging Sea,
 Than Air more light ; yet gladly I
 With Thee would live, with Thee would die.



HORACE,

HORACE, ODE III. BOOK IV.

To MELPOMENE:

I.

HE, on whose Birth the Lyric Queen
Of Numbers smil'd, shall never grace
The *Isthmian* Gauntlet, nor be seen
First in the fam'd *Olympic* Race.

II.

He shall not, after Toils of War
And humbling haughty Monarchs' Pride,
With laurel'd Brows, conspicuous far,
To *Jove's Tarpeian* Temple ride.

III.

But Him the Streams that warbling flow
Rich *Tibur's* flow'ry Meads along,
And shady Groves (his Haunts) shall know;
The Master of *Æolian* Song.

IV.

The Sons of *Rome*, Majestic *Rome* !

Have fixt me in the Poet's Quire :

And Envy now, or dead, or dumb,

Forbears to blame what they admire.

V.

Goddeſs of the ſweet ſounding Lute,

Which thy harmonious Touch obeys ;

Who can't the finny Race, tho' mute,

To dying Cygnets' Accents raiſe !

VI.

Thy Gift it is, that All, with Eaſe,

My new unrival'd Honours own ;

That ſtill I live, and living pleaſe,

O Goddeſs, is thy Gift alone.



Translation

Translation from the Antient British.

I.

AWAY; let nought to Love displeasing,
My *Winifreda*, move your Care;
Let nought delay the Heav'nly Blessing,
Nor squeamish Pride, nor gloomy Fear.

II.

What tho' no Grants of Royal Donors
With pompous Titles grace our Blood?
We'll shine in more substantial Honours,
And, to be Noble, we'll be Good.

III.

Our Name, while Virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke:
And all the Great ones, They shall wonder,
How they respect such little Folk.

IV.

What tho', from Fortune's lavish Bounty,
No mighty Treasures we possess?
We'll find, within our Pittance, Plenty,
And be content without Excess.

V.

Still shall each kind returning Season
Sufficient for our Wishes give:
For we will live a Life of Reason,
And that's the only Life to live.

VI.

Through Youth and Age, in Love excelling,
We'll Hand in Hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling Peace shall crown our Dwelling,
And Babes, sweet-smiling Babes, our Bed.

VII.

How should I love the pretty Creatures,
While round my Knees they fondly clung,

To

To see them look their Mother's Features,
To hear them lisp their Mother's Tongue!

VIII.

And, when with Envy Time transported
Shall think to rob us of our Joys;
You'll, in your Girls, again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my Boys.

*On two Twin Sisters who died at the same Time,
and were buried in one Grave.*

Fair Marble, tell to future Days,
That here two Virgin Sisters lie;
Whose Life employ'd each Tongue in Praise;
Whose Death gave Tears to every Eye.

In Stature, Beauty, Years, and Fame,
Together as they grew, They shone;
So much alike, so much the same,
That Death mistook them Both for One.

Upon Mr. *H O B B E S*.

*Occasion'd by a Copy of Verses written by the
Earl of MULGRAVE.*

'**T**IS justly thought! to praise is ever hard,
When real Virtue fires the glowing Bard:
But harder far, whene'er the Poet's Mind
Lab'ring creates the Worth he cannot find.
'Twill task a *Cowley's* Genius, to commend
False Brutus cringing while he stabs his Friend;
To make the Trifler *Hobbes* unworthy shine,
Will ask the utmost of a Wit like thine!

The Reader's Malice makes the Satyr please:
Yet Praises void of Truth are Flatteries,
Which steal from genuine Worth the Honours due;
Romantic Heroes thus obscure the true.
The Wise and Good Morality will guide,
And Superstition all the World beside.

As

As Wise and Great no longer then must shine,
 Good *Socrates*, or *Plato* the Divine ;
 On ancient *Greece* is past a gen'ral Doom,
 And *Tully* pleading for the Gods of *Rome*.
 All Statues to their Fame are overthrown,
 And *Hobbes*, or *Epicurus* stands alone !
 Shall Christian Virtues too the Slander share,
 And wait, as Captives, his triumphal Car ?
 As by superior Excellence compell'd,
 Shall *Anna* bow ? Shall *Charles* the Martyr yield ?
Hyde, wise in Calms and faithful in the Storm,
 Great to Record, but greater to Perform ?
 Wide-conqu'ring *Raleigh*, and far-searching *Boyle*,
 And *Newton*, Glory of our Age and Isle !
 Are these the vulgar superstitious Crowd,
 That own the Maxims of th' Incarnate God ;
 Rather than Heav'n, let Earth be disesteem'd,
 And *Hobbes* exploded, than our God blasphem'd.

Hobbes !

Hobbes! in whose ev'ry Page display'd we see
 His *Privilege of Man*, Absurdity!
 'Tis hard to point where most his Merits shine,
 In humane Learning, or in Laws divine!
All Matter thinks as such: he gravely says,
 The smallest Grain of Sand, and Spire of Grass:
 Only t' express their Thoughts they wanted Pow'r,
 'Till He arose, their sweet-tongu'd Orator.

Rome's wildest Legends are excell'd at once,
 With thinking Blocks and Philosophic Stones.
 Say! whence his far-fam'd Politics began,
 Whence his admir'd and lov'd *Leviathan*?
 Wearied with Exile, basely he comply'd,
 And, Coward, started from the suff'ring Side:
 With abject Lies usurping Force ador'd,
 And measur'd Justice by the longest Sword.
 Blest Moralist! who taught ev'n Good and Ill
 To veer obsequious to the Tyrant's Will:

Prone

Prone to renounce his Sense at *Cromwell's* Nod,
And Traytor to his Prince, as to his God!

Hear, all ye Wits, his Gospel! *Tales receiv'd,*
In private feign'd, and publickly believ'd,
These are Religion. He alike esteems
The Prophet's Visions and the *Rabbie's* Dreams;
Nor matters who the rising Sect begun,
Or *Mary's* Offspring, or *Abdalla's* Son!
No smallest diff'rence can his Wisdom find,
For Colours all are equal to the Blind.

Yet *Tales*, when once establish'd by the State,
He holds for sacred, and as fix'd as Fate:
Nor shall th' Almighty Lord his Pleasure show,
Without Dependance on the Gods below.
The Civil Creed no Subject must deny,
Or disbelieve it, tho' 'tis own'd a Lie.
Hither from farthest East, ye *Bramins*, come,
Hither, ye Western Locusts — Monks of *Rome*:

Be-

Behold this frontless, all-imposing Man,
And match him with your Priest-craft, if Ye can!

Prodigious Sage! who taught Mankind to know
The dang'rous Cheats of *Robin Goodfellow*!
Of Fairies tripping light a Moonshine Round,
Where rising Verdure marks the circled Ground!
Charm'd down by him, each airy Spirit flies;
And grosser Witches vanish from our Eyes.
Crones, untransform'd, their own bad Figures keep,
And Broomstuffs peaceful in their Corners sleep.
Yet vulgar Tales this mighty Champion scare,
This Foe to Shades, this Conqu'ror of the Air:
Ghosts immaterial he as Dreams decries,
Yet dreads their Pow'r, whose Being he denies.
The Noon-day Boaster, strait a Coward grown,
Shudders and trembles in the Dark alone;
Spectres and Phantoms glare before his Sight,
Which, when the Candle enters, cease to fright.

'Twas

'Twas thus He liv'd, our Nation's boasted Pride!
And, (oh that Truth could hide it!) thus he dy'd.
Dreams, Whimsies, Fancies, Nothings then he fear'd;
And *leap'd into the Dark*, and disappear'd.

Not thus his matchless Wisdom *Bacon* show'd,
He found in all things, and he own'd a God.
As farther learn'd, still readier to adore;
And still the more He knew, believ'd the more.
Glories to Virtue due secure to find,
Unbounded and immortal as his Mind.
Could *Hobbes*, alas! an equal Prospect see
In the sad Gloom of dark Futurity?
Who dreamt that Man once Dust shall never rise,
That when the Carcase falls the Spirit dies.
If quite extinct, insensible of Fame,
Yet barr'd the poor Reversion of a Name.
While yet alive, by Vanity betray'd,
He saw his fleeting, groundless Honours fade:

Nor

Nor sacred Verse their Lustre can prolong ;
 No not a *Cowley's*, nor a *Mulgrave's* Song.

A Piscatory Ballad.

I.

HARD by the Hall, our Master's House,
 Where *Murfy* flows to meet the Main ;
 Where Woods, and Winds, and Waves dispose,
 A Lover to complain :

II.

With Arms a-cross, along the *Strand*,
 Poor *Lycon* walk'd, and hung his head
 Viewing the Footsteps in the Sand,
 Which a bright Nymph had made.

III.

The Tide, says he, will soon erase
 The Marks so lightly here impress ;

But

But Time or Tide will ne'er deface

Her Image in my Breast.

IV.

Am I some Savage Beast of Prey?

Am I some horrid Monster grown?

That thus she flies so swift away,

Or meets me with a Frown.

V.

That Bosom soft, that Lilly Skin

(Trust not the fairest outward Show,)

Contains a marble Heart within,

A Rock hid under Snow.

VI.

Ah me ! the Flints and Pebbles wound

Her tender Feet, from whence there fell

Those crimson Drops, which stain the Ground,

And beautify each Shell.

Ah!

VII.

Ah ! Fair one, moderate thy Flight,
 I will no more in vain pursue ;
 But take my Leave for a long Night ;
 Adieu, lov'd Maid, adieu.

VIII.

With that, he took a running Leap,
 He took a Lover's Leap indeed,
 And plung'd into the sounding Deep,
 Where hungry Fishes feed.

IX.

The Melancholy Hern stalks by,
 Around the squawling Sea-Gulls yell ;
 Aloft the croaking Ravens fly,
 And toll his Fun'ral Bell.

X.

The Waters roll above his Head,
 The Billows toss it o'er and o'er ;

His Ivory Bones lye scattered,
And whiten all the Shore.

A Lover to his Mistress, on the sight of a Captive.

Translated from the *Spanish*.

SEE, Fairest, yon poor Captive see,
Condemn'd to Chains and Misery:
Thro' Grates of Iron hear him mourn
His cruel haughty Victor's Scorn;
Hear him, in helpless hopeless Tale;
The Loss of Liberty bewail.

See the big Drops, that down his Face
From their full Fountains fall apace;
Tear after Tear, see how they flow,
With all the Eloquence of Woe!

Mark the Visage pale and thin,
Semblance of the Pangs within;

Mark the gall'd and hollow Eye,

Never clos'd, and never dry ;

Mark the Heavings of his Breast,

Stranger to a Moment's Rest.

If Thy yielding Heart can melt,

Throbbings if it ever felt ;

If an Object of Distress

Softens Thee to Tenderness ;

Dear Unkind, Yon Captive see,

Pity Him, and Think of me.

TO SIR *RICHARD STEELE*.

On his Comedy, The CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

A Ccept the Muse, which Love and Wonder
 To hail thy Labours, and attend thy Praise ;
 Her lowlier Voice, amidst th' applauding Throng,
 O deign to hear, and patronize her Song :

What

What Thou approv'st, That She aspires to be,
And only lives to Virtue, and to Thee.

Too long have Pride, Impiety, and Rage,
And all the Pomp of Vice usurp'd the Stage;
Our Modern Muse made modern Ways her Choice,
And lent to Scenes impure her Heav'nly Voice;
Alike degenerate both, the Stage and Times
Transpos'd and authoriz'd each other's Crimes,
Each still reflected each, with mutual Skill,
And vy'd in all th' Alternatives of Ill.

[Shame,

'Tis Thine, O *Steele*, to touch the Muse with
To point her Course, and call forth antient Fame.
To teach the Stage whence noblest Praise should
And bring Angelic Virtue to our Eyes: [rise,
On Vice triumphant Thou disdain'st to fawn,
And art the *Christian Heroe* thou hast drawn.

To mend Mankind has been thy constant Aim,
Fond to Inform, but fonder to Reclaim.

Hence lately thy *Spectators* charm'd the Age,
Hence now thy *Conscious Lovers* grace the Stage,
Such Lovers as solicit Virtue's Cause,
And fill our Theatre with just Applause;
In Them each Sex their true Perfections view,
Each have the loveliest Pattern to pursue.
The *British* Fair, thy finish'd Model shown,
By *Indiana's* Conduct set their own;
Our Youths their darling Fopp'ries all resign,
And own th' Accomplish'd Man at last is Thine.
On thy Designs what Revolutions wait!
Thou great Restorer of the Moral State.
All Manners, see! to Thy Decrees submit,
Nor Rage is Honour, nor Grimace is Wit;
The Hate of Morals, and the Scorn of Arts,
Distinguish now no more the Man of Parts.
Esteem forsakes the Arrogant and Vain,
And recognizes Merit once again;

The

The World no longer Right and Wrong confounds,
And Vice and Virtue know their antient Bounds.

So some most exquisite Machine (design'd
Perhaps in *Archimede's* or *Tycho's* Mind)
If by Abuse, and our Defect of Art,
It move irregular in every part,
Explor'd by *Newton's* Philosophic Eyes,
Through all its Movements into Order flies;
Again instructs the Mind, and charms the Sight,
While corresponding Nature speaks it right.

Pursue thy darling Theme, with pious Care,
And gratulate, O Muse, the happy Fair.
No longer They precarious Loves commence,
The Men that please are now the Men of Sense;
None will the Good and Innocent explode,
Since Probity and Conscience pass to Mode;
Only the Worthy dare to Beauty sue,
And loveliest Hearts are destin'd for the true.

Again are heard the learn'd, and view'd the plain;
And Fops and Beaux are trifling now in vain.
See! Truth and Honour sway the female Breast;
And Toasts themselves vouchsafing to be blest.

Proceed, O *Steele*! these Blessings to impart,
And be thy Hand as bounteous as thy Heart.
Long may'st Thou live, at last to leave behind
More Copies still of thy extensive Mind:
More of thy self, much more O yet bestow,
Ere Thou art what thy *Addison* is now.
When his great Soul attain'd the Seats Divine,
Her other self remain'd, and shone in thine;
But when thy meritorious Toils shall end,
And Thou shalt pass to Glory and thy Friend,
Mankind Thy total Absence must bemoan,
And trace their *Guardian* in thy Works alone.



On BEN JOHNSON'S Club-Room, call'd the Apollo;
at the Devil-Tavern in Fleet-street.

ONCE on a Time, as plac'd supream in State,
Amidst his Sons old merry *Ben* was fate;
At some rare Strain the jovial Bard essay'd,
And call'd the Muse and *Phæbus* to his Aid:
In vain; nor *Phæbus* nor the Muse obey'd.
Nonplust at this, and in a strange Quandary,
He fill'd a lusty Bumper of Canary.
Soon as this Nectar glided o'er his Tongue,
He rous'd, and tun'd his Lyre, and sweetly sung,
Then to the Room which the rich Juice supply'd,
Henceforth be thou *Apollo* call'd, he cry'd;
Apollo let thy Name for ever be,
That lab'ring Bards, in Time to come, may see,
If they their Father *Ben*'s Advice will take,
The best Inspirer is delicious Sack.

Against L I F E. From the Greek.

WHat Path of Life by Man is trod,
Without repenting of the Road?

Business is Tumult, Noise and Jar,

At Home is Weariness and Care ;

The Ocean Storm and Terror yields,

And painful Toil and Sweat, the Fields:

Abroad you're destitute, if Poor ;

If Rich, endanger'd by your Store,

By Grievs the Nuptial State is torn ;

The Single, friendless and forlorn.

With Children, Sorrows will increase ;

Childless, we moan our Barrenness,

Folly our giddy Youth ensnares ;

And Weakness sinks our hoary Hairs,

The Wife this only Choice would try,

Or not to live, or soon to die.

For

For L I F E. *From the Greek.*

WHat Path of Life by Man is trod
Without rejoycing at the Road?
From Business Wealth and Wisdom flows,
At Home is Quiet and Repose.
The Ocean, gainful Traffick yields,
And Nature chears us in the Fields.
Abroad You're less expos'd, if Poor;
If Rich, respected for Your Store.
More Bliss the Nuptial State receives,
The Single, more in Freedom lives.
The Parent's Heart with Transport swells;
And less of Care the Childless feels.
Our Youth, firm Health and Vigour shares,
And Rev'rence crowns our hoary Hairs.
The Wise this Choice would never try,
Or not to live, or soon to die.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

THE Charms that blooming Beauty shows,
 From Faces heav'nly fair,
 We to the Lilly and the Rose,
 With Semblance apt, compare.

II.

With Semblance apt; for ah! how soon,
 How soon they all decay!
 The Lilly droops, the Rose is gone,
 And Beauty fades away.

III.

But when bright Virtue shines confest,
 With sweet Discretion join'd;
 When Mildness calms the peaceful Breast,
 And Wisdom guides the Mind;

IV. When

IV.

When Charms like these, dear Maid, conspire

Thy Person to approve ;

They kindle generous, chaste Desire,

And everlasting Love.

V.

Beyond the Reach of Time or Fate,

These Graces shall endure,

Still, like the Passion they create,

Eternal, constant, pure.

A Latin Prologue spoke before one of Terence's Plays at Westminster ; on Occasion of a late Boxing-Match, between an Englishman and an Italian.

V *Idimus Italici nugas pompamque Theatri,
Haurimus & molles aure lubente sonos.*

Fortia corda virum cantu muliercula traxit,

Semivirum teneræ deperiére nurus.

Cantor

Cantor & auditor, simili languore soluti,
 Leniter ad tremulos contremuere modos.
 Hæ tibi erant artes; hinc tu spolia, Itale, larga
 Fers Traмонтanas, prædo canorus, opes.
 Hactenus astutè — sed cum nostra arma laceffis,
 Et cæstus tractas, & grave Martis opus;
 Non tulit hoc Britonum vulgus, genus acre virorum,
 Æstuat at stomachans pectore cuique furor:
 Cerdo, Auriga, Faber, Lanio, Armentarius, omnes
 Exardent validas conseruisse manus;
 Omnes exardent: reliquis fors prætulit unum,
 Prodit uterque pugil, concrediturque ferox;
 Brachia jaclatâ frustra movet Italus arte,
 Stat solidus contra vique animisque Brito.
 Attonitumque hostem premit irrequietus, & urgent
 Genua, pedes, cubiti, dextra, sinistra, caput.
 Instans præcipitem Victor volvitque revolvitque;
 Et mugit, festâ voce remugit Io.

*Se tali quondam felix virtute suorum
 Extulit ad summos Martia Roma Deos:
 Nunc studiis mutata, animisque imbellis & armis,
 Mollitiis sese luxuriæque dedit.
 Nec minus antiqui facundia quæritur ævi,
 Et quæ Romano vena lepore fluit:
 Expulit has nova Roma foras. En! sub Lare quali
 Ingenuos spargit Classica Musa sales!
 Degeneres nil facta Patrum, nil scripta morantur
 Italici; sunt Vox, prætereaque nihil.*

The Same English'd.

WE've entertain'd th' *Italian* Strollers here,
 We've lent their Music no unwilling Ear;
Cuzzoni warbling mov'd our Youths' Desire,
 And *Senesini* set our Nymphs on Fire.
 We've recogniz'd their vocal Empire long,
 And dy'd obsequious to the dying Song.

Their

Their *Tramontani* Bubbles hence they spoil;
 Hence the melodious Sharpers fleece our Isle;
 Their Triumph This — But when our Arms they
 And clench the Fist, and tempt the Boxing War, ^{[dare,}
 Indignant Rage our warm Plebeians fires,
 (To sing's *Italian*, but to fight is *Theirs*!)
 Stalls, Shambles, Shops they quit, and pour away,
 Enquire the Challenger, and ask the Fray:
 All ardent ask: but 'tis reserv'd for one.

The Champions enter'd, and the Fight begun.

And what can now thy Skill, fond Stranger, do,
 Thy boasted Skill, against a *British* Foe?
 He moves intrepid, and resistless throws
 From Feet, Hands, Head, at once, whole Storms
 And rushes on Thee, like an Host of Foes: ^{[of Blows,}
 'Till fell'd, and rais'd, and baffled o'er and o'er,
 Thou prostrate ly'st, and own'st the Victor's Pow'r.
 While twenty thousand *Iōs* round proclaim,
 And echoing Domes resound the *Briton's* Fame.

Oft with such Shouts shook *Rome's* Imperial
When her heroic Sons had Hearts like ours. [Tow'rs,

But, nor the Arms nor Arts of ancient Times,
Are cherish'd now in Her degen'rate Climes:
Her fripp'ry Scenes the Classic Muse have scar'd,
And see, beneath what Roofs is *Terence* heard!

How chang'd is *Rome* from that which *Rome* has
What once was *Heroe*, now is *Harlequin*; [been!
Old Wit is banish'd with the good old Tongue,
And Air and Echo reign where *Maro* sung.

*To a Gentleman, upon receiving One Guinea,
to be oblig'd to pay him Ten on Marriage.*

I.

TO have me ever in your Pow'r,
To bribe my very Heart;
Against my self to gain me o'er,
Is your peculiar Art.

II. I

I tremble at the Part I chuse,
 And hope the Part I shun;
 Happy, if I am doom'd to lose,
 But if I win, undone.

III.

May Fortune, ever Foe to me,
 Her Favour still with-hold:
 And now, as she is wont, decree
 That I may lose my Gold.

IV.

So shall I, quite against her Will,
 The wanted Blessing find;
 And, while she meditates my Ill,
 Deceive her to be kind.

V.

And oh! may Love, to urge the Cheat,
 Assert his mighty Sway;

And

And aid me to incurr a Debt,
I so much long to pay.

VI.

With Thirst of Gold let others led,
In sordid Wedlock joyn :
While I, the Girl I love to wed,
Would gladly part with mine:

*To a Friend, in Imitation of one of Martial's
Epigrams.*

TO walk a Mile a Friend to see,

Thou ask'st if I disdain :

I walk it oft, but see not Thee,

And walk it back again.

To go a Mile to see thee, know,

My Friend, I grudge not ought :

But then I grudge to travel two,

And That to see thee not:

On a Young Lady's playing on the Spinnet.

WHILE fair Zelinda's various strains
 To teach her joyful Audience to ad-
 While from her strings she darts the softest sound,
 And sweetens all the floating Atoms round:
 Our heaving Pulses feel her vocal Hand,
 And all our Spirits flow at her Command;
 From Sense to Sense the winning Charmer strays,
 Controuls our Breasts, and on our Heart-strings
 Directs our Thoughts, bids all our Wills give way,
 And rules the very Passions we obey.
 By Turns we fear, we hope, we fall, we rise,
 The Vassals of her Hand, as of her Eyes;
 Now sunk, now rais'd, now cherish'd, now distressed,
 Or sweetly wretched, or more sweetly blest.



*On the 6th and 8th Verses of the 40th Chapter of
Isaiah, occasioned by the Death of a Young Lady.*

*All flesh is Grass, and all the Goodliness thereof is as the
Flower of the Field.*

*The Grass withereth, the Flower fadeth; but the Word of
our God shall stand for ever.*

I.

THE Morning Flow'rs display their sweets,
And, gay, their filken Leaves unfold;
As careless of the Noon-day Heats,
And fearless of the Evening Cold.

II.

Nip'd by the Wind's unkindly Blast,
Parch'd by the Sun's directer Ray,
The Momentary Glories waste,
The short-liv'd Beauties die away.

III.

So blooms the Human Face Divine,
When Youth its Pride of Beauty shows:

Fairer than Spring the Colours shine,
And sweeter than the Virgin Rose,

IV.

Or worn by slowly-rolling Years,
Or broke by Sickness in a Day ;
The fading Glory disappears,
The short-liv'd Beauties die away.

V.

Yet these, new rising from the Tomb,
With Lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during Bloom,
Safe from Diseases and Decline.

VI.

Let Sickness blast, and Death devour,
If Heav'n must recompence our Pains :
Perish the Grass, and fade the Flow'r,
If firm the Word of God remains.

Part of the 37th Psalm Paraphras'd.

VIEW not, with Envy fretting in thy Breast,
The Impious Man, of Wealth and Pow'r
Let no rash Thoughts perplex thy even Mind, ^[possess:]
When proud Oppressors lord it o'er Mankind.
Wait but the Evening of their fleeting Day,
And all this boasted Pomp shall pass away.
So to the sweeping Scythe at once must yield
All the gay Verdure of the smiling Field;
So the short Moments of the self-same Hour
Behold the blooming and the faded Flow'r.

Only do thou Religion's Rules pursue,
And keep thy Duty ever in thy View;
Let all thy Life in this just Tenor move,
And all Occasions to do Good improve.
Then with full Trust on God securely rest,
Assur'd that whatsoe'er befalls, is best.

For all thy Needs his Goodness shall provide,
His Pow'r shall guard thee, and his Wisdom guide.
If poisonous Tongues thy upright Deeds defame,
And foul-mouth'd Slander fastens on thy Name,
Yet still be calm, and He shall soon expose
The vain, the baffled Malice of thy Foes,
Shall clear thy Cause, thy Virtue shall display
Bright as the Sun, and open as the Day.

When Storms of State aloft impetuous roar,
And mighty Villains fall, and are no more ;
Still safe and happy is the Good Man seen,
His Aspect chearful, and his Mind serene.
Though no huge Heaps of ill-got Riches rise,
To sooth his Pride, and feed his rav'nous Eyes ;
Yet Thrift and Industry increase his Store,
And sweet Content forbids him to be poor.
Heav'n's gracious Bounty, freely as it flows,
Freely again his liberal Hand bestows :

And

And timely Aid and Kindness to impart
Implies his Labour, and delights his Heart.
Well pleas'd the Fruit of these good Works he sees,
With God, with Man, and with himself at Peace.
The choicest Gifts of Providence he shares,
And leaves a thousand Blessings to his Heirs.

Though now my Life has pass'd through ev'ry
And long Experience crowns my hoary Age; ^{[Stage,}
I never saw forsaken at his need
The Good Man yet; no, nor the Good Man's
I never saw constrain'd to beg their Bread. ^{[Seed}

Upon an Old Resolve.

A Good Resolve! ay, marry, is it;
If you've a Grain of Faith implicit:
Nor look the Wisdom of the Nation
Should stoop to Ratiocination,
Or Drudgery of Demonstration.

No Danger's nigh; if why you wist not,
Know, Fool, there is not, 'cause there is not;
As He that *Bellarmino* disputed,
Cry'd, Sir, You lye; and so confuted.
What if it please a Legislature
To question Principles of Nature;
And say, whatever your Suppose is,
You've neither Brains, Ears, Eyes or Noses?
Shall saucy You, on vain Pretences,
Presume to argue for your Senses?
Or think, because you ken a little,
You're therefore not as blind as Beetle?
I say, renounce your fond Persuasion,
Or you're a Foe to Crown and Nation:
And ought, for such your bald Suggestion,
To be severely call'd in Question.

Now give me Leave to lay before ye
A good authentick antient Story.

The

The Fox, a Beast renown'd in Fable,
 For Wit not common to the Rabble,
 When all by Royal Edict went,
 That wanted Tails, to Banishment,
 Forsook hereditary Shelter,
 And jogg'd among them helter skelter.
 The Ape, as Fools are apt to seize one,
 Attack'd Sir *Ren* to know his Reason.
 Sure were my Bum like yours appointed,
 I'd ne'er have fled my Liege Anointed.
 Thus He. Quoth *Ren* ; A batter'd Courtier!
 Your Tail is short, your Reason shorter,
 What if it please the King and Peerage
 By Vote to rob me of my Steerage,
 And call me Bare-arse ? tell me then
 Who, *John*, shall set me right agen ?

This shews the Weakness of disputing,
 Where Contradicting is Confuting.

To KITTY, a Poetical young Lady,

I.

Dear *Kitty*! now my Counsel take,
 Now is the dang'rous Season;
 If not; admit the Rhyme to make
 Atonement for the Reason.

II.

Take heed, lest Affluence beguile,
 Lest Pride should over-pow'r ye;
 Now kinder Fortune seems to smile,
 With Prospect of a Dow'ry,

III.

If e'er in other Sphere you move,
 And higher Life appear in;
 Take heed the Station does not prove
 The worse for *Kitty's* wearing.

IV. If

IV.

If from Simplicity you range,
If Shew and Form controul Ye;
Your Charms to Ugliness you'll change,
Your Prudence into Folly,

V.

For Affectation looks so foul,
When Man or Maid it seizes;
That neither then the noblest Soul,
Nor fairest Body, pleases.

VI.

Whoe'er to play the Coxcomb's Part
By niggard Nature's driv'n,
May Pardon find; but Fools by Art
Can never be forgiv'n.

VII.

Remember you, for others will,
That Woman is a Creature,

Of Flatt'ry vain, expos'd to Ill,
And doubly frail by Nature.

VIII.

Should she for Art and Learning glow,
Applause and Glory wooing,
On lofty Verse her Time bestow ;
(As you may now be doing:)

IX.

Yet still, to rule her House aright
Would better far become her,
Than to surpass the noblest Flight
In *Milton* or in *Homer*.

X.

What tho' her Youth may Hearts engage?
Her Bloom will quickly leave her ;
The certain Spoil of coming Age,
If 'scaping from a Fever.

XI. What

XI.

What tho' her Wit should never fail?

How few will long endure her?

The Ship that Ballast wants, by Sail

Is overfet the surer.

XII.

Who jests alike on Friends and Foes,

With Rall'ry all retorting;

Her Folly she in Earnest shows,

And only Wit in sporting.

XIII.

'Tis hard to govern witty Spleen,

Suit Persons, Place, Occasion;

'Tis more one Satyr to keep in,

Than 'tis to make a Thousand.

XIV.

Suppose a Damsel, unconfin'd

By Decency or Duty,

Exult-

Exulting in her haughty Mind,
 With Riches, Wit, and Beauty:

XV.

Her Treasure, more than Miser's Eye
 By *South-Sea* aim'd at getting,
 Enough all forfeit Land to buy,
 Nay all the Land of *Britain*:

XVI.

A *Cleveland* for her Beauty nam'd,
 Than *Dorchester* more witty;
 For Learning more than *Elstob* fam'd;
 For Poetry, than *Kitty*:

XVII.

If she does nought but swell and brag,
 Her Talents have undone her;
 The Wife will fly her like the Plague,
 The Tokens are upon her.

XVIII. What's

XVIII.

What's Beauty, Wealth, and Wit beside?

Nor God, nor Man will love her;

For tho' she were an Angel, Pride

Will make a Devil of her.

On a Weather-Cock erected in a close Place.

NO more let Men of Simile
Describe Inconstancy by me;

Nor each prevaricating Block-
head, streight be call'd a Weather-Cock.

For, know, I am erected here,

To quit that shuffling Character.

And Snug's the Word, I keep my Posture,

Blow as ye will, *Lybs Notus Auster.*



From

From MARTIAL.

Vitam que faciunt beatiorē, &c.

Pleafantest Companion This,

This in Life is Happiness:

Early an Estate to gain,

Left, not purchas'd by your Pain:

Grounds that pay the Tiller's Hire,

Hearths with ever-during Fire;

Safe from Law t' enjoy your own,

Seldom view the busy Town;

Health, with mod'rate Vigour join'd;

True well-grounded Peace of Mind;

Friends your Equals in Degree,

Prudent plain Simplicity;

Easy Converſe Mirth afford,

Artleſs Plenty fill the Board:

Temp'rate Joy your Evenings bleſs,

Free from Care as from Exceſs:

Short

Short the Night by Sleep be made ;
Chaste, not cheerless, be the Bed :
Chuse to be but what you are ;
Dying neither wish, nor fear.

*Verses wrote at Brigadier S——'s, over a Bowl
of Punch, where Jupiter and Hebe were
painted in the Cieling.*

LET Jove no more his *Hebe* boast,
Or quaff celestial Wine ;

We here have many a brighter Toast,
And Nectar more Divine.

What Place more fram'd for Mirth and Love
Could Art or Nature show ?
The merry Thund'rer rules above,
The Brigadier below.

H

The

The P Y R A M I D.

In Latin and English.

Piramidum sumptus, ad cœlum & sydera ducti,
 Quid dignum tantâ mole, quid intus habent?
 Ah! nihil intus habent, nisi nigrum informe cada-
 Durata in saxum est cui medicata caro. [ver,

Ergone porrigitur Monumentum in jugera tota?

Ergo tot annorum, tot manuumque Labor?

Integra sit morum tibi Vita; Hæc Pyramis esto:

Et poterunt Tumulo sex satis esse pedes.

THE lofty Pyramid that threatens the Skies!

For what august Possessor does it rise?

You've there a little formless Mummy shown;

A Human Carcase harden'd into Stone.

Ascends for this the huge stupendous Tomb?

For this includes whole Acres in its Womb?

For

For this were drain'd the Tributes of the Nile?
 Was so much Treasure spent, and Time, and Toil?
 Be pure my Heart, and upright be my Deed,
 Give me of Honest Fame a Pyramid;
 This grant me, Heav'n! and for my Monument
 My Length of humble Earth; and I'm content.

On the Death of ALEXANDER the Great.

IS then that Heroe number'd with the Dead!
 That mighty Chief whom all the World obey'd!
 Great Ammon's Son! th' Invincible! O why,
 Why did He ever condescend to die?



*The P U P P E T - S H E W.**From the Latin of Mr. ADDISON.*

OF wondrous Art my Muse delighted sings,
 And rare Diversion rais'd from trivial things;
 Of Pygmy-folk by Pow'r Mechanic wrought,
 And Men, the Product of the Workman's Thought.

Where the throng'd Street resounds with Laugh-
 And *Andrew* drolling charms the gaping Crowd,
 [ter loud,
 Within (whom Mirth and Novelty invite
 To humble Sport, and innocent Delight)
 In a small Theatre an Audience meets,
 And fills, but unpromiscuous fills, the Seats;
 For each from each distinct the Benches stand,
 And different Prices different Seats demand.

The Curtain drawn discloses to the View
 The lengthen'd Stage and op'ning Avenue:
 Whose narrow Limit and contracted Space
 Gay glittering Scenes magnificently grace.

And

And now with Comic Mirth, or Tragic Rage
The little Actors enter on the Stage.
The *Drama* swells, and to the wond'ring Eyes
Triumphs and Wars and solemn Consults rise.
All Actions, that on Life's great Stage appear,
In Miniature are represented here.

Above the rest, the Hero of the Throng,
A prating merry Mortal stalks along,
Of Comic Mien, and Shape uncouth to see:
His Back projects a huge Gibbosity;
His portly Belly of enormous Size,
Brac'd in a Range of monstrous Buttons lies,
And with incessant Motion rowl his Eyes.
His Limbs a Bulk and Strength superior boast;
And uncontroul'd he struts, and rules the roast,
Chatters, and laughs immoderately loud,
And scolds and swaggers at the Pygmy Crowd.

For mimic Mirth, and ready Repartee,
For arch Conceits, and Pranks of Pleasantry,
Was never an unluckier Stick than He,
When solemn Scenes th' attentive Eye engage,
And Tragedy in Buskins treads the Stage,
Then, ever loving Mischief at his Heart,
Before this boisterous Ruffian plays his Part;
With Flouts and Jests, impertinently gay,
Disturbs the Action, and confounds the Play
Nor his outrageous Insolence forbears,
With saucy Freedoms and indecent Airs
For the soft Sex to own his am'rous Flames,
And ravish Kisses from the struggling Dames.

Sometimes, a Train more glorious to behold,
With Gems resplendent and embroider'd Gold,
In Robes of State attir'd, and rich Array,
Displays the Pomp of some illustrious Day;

Small Nobles, tiny Peers, a splendid Throng,
 And wooden Heroines pass in State along.
 With active Steps the gentle Knights advance,
 And graceful lead the Ladies to the Dance.
 Safe from the Insults of the hostile Crane,
 The Pygmy Court seems here restor'd again
 In all the Glories of its ancient Reign.
 At Noon of Night, by *Phæbe's* lightsome Ray,
 Thus the brisk Tribe of slender Fairies play ;
 Still round and round their circling Dance pursue,
 And leave their Footsteps in the Morning Dew :
 The fruitful Earth hence draws a quick Produce,
 And teems luxuriant with a Mystic Juice, [Round,
 Pours forth her Stores, where they have led the
 And verdant Circles mark the sacred Ground.

Yet oft their Sports are lost in loud Alarms,
 And eager fly the dapper Chiefs to Arms ;
 To stern Contention joyous Peace gives way,
 As sudden Show'rs deform the smiling Day.

Thus are our Pleasures still chafis'd with Strife,
And Good and Evil chequer human Life.

Now Swords and Spears and murdering Guns they
And all the fatal Instruments of War. [bear,

The Scenes with Crackers' dreadful Bursts resound,
And Squibs and Serpents hiss along the Ground.

Whole Troops of slaughter'd Warriors strew the
The Crime of dire Revenge and civil Rage. [Stage;

Soon as the Fury of the Fight is o'er,
And War's tumultuous Din is heard no more,
Their former Cares the Jovial Tribe renew,
And all the pleasant Arts of Peace pursue.

Heroes of old, in happier Ages born,
Whose God-like Acts the Sacred Page adorn,
Here, much contracted in their Bulk, return;

The Sages of the Patriarchal Seed,
A hoary venerable Train, proceed:
Wrinkled their Face, with Age their Body bends,
Adown their Breast a reverend Beard descends.

Old *Tithon* thus, if antient Tales speak true,
Small and more small, by Age diminish'd, grew:
His Form at last, worn by a length of Years,
Shrunk from a Pygmy's to a Grasshopper's.

Now say, my Muse, from what superior Cause
This slender Nation its Existence draws;
Say, from what Power their various Motions rise,
What Hand such Vigour to their Limbs supplies.
The Artift's Skill contrives the wooden Race,
And carves in lifeless Sticks a human Face;
Then shapes the Trunk, and then the Parts assigns,
And Limbs to Limbs in meet Proportion joins:
With slender Tendons every Joint he strings,
And forms the Movements with elastick Springs,
And now, directed by a Hand unseen,
The finish'd Puppet struts before the Scene;
Exalts a treble Voice and Eunuch Tone,
And squeaks his Part in Language not his own.

HORACE, ODE XXVII. BOOK I.

I.

TIS heath'nish o'er your Cups to fight;

Your Cups, intended for Delight.

The savage Custom pray lay down,

Nor mix, with Blood of Grapes, your own.

II.

Daggers and Swords but ill agree

With social Wine and Jollity:

All Tumults then, my Friends, forbear;

And each Man, peaceful, keep his Chair.

III.

Would'ft have me put the Glass about?

With all my Heart — but first I vote,

That honest *Tom* shall toast the Fair,

The pleasing Object of his Care.

IV. Not

IV.

Not toast her! — I'll not drink, 'by *Jove*,
On other Terms: come name your Love,
No common Jilt 'tis you prefer,
Who still in Love discreetly err.

V.

Nay, speak it out — What do I hear?
B——y, that too too charming Fair.
Ah Wretch! how durst Thou aim so high?
Thou'rt doom'd, alas! to love and die.

VI.

No Pow'r of Herbs, no magic Strains
Can e'er release thee from thy Chains:
Nought can thy Liberty restore.
Her Captive once, and free no more.



S O N G.

I.

Long from the Force of Beauty's Charms,
Long have I wander'd free ;
Endur'd no Grief, felt no Alarms ;
Reserv'd to fall by Thee.

II.

In Safety thus from all Essays
The roving Turtle flies ;
Till some unerring Hand conveys
The Shaft by which he dies.

III.

Thou, Fair one, Thou alone couldst move
This Passion in my Breast ;
Thou, Thou alone could'st teach me Love,
O teach me to be blest.



An excellent new Ballad on the South-Sea Dog-Fish, that was shewn on the River Thames, in July 1725.

I.

WHen Stock was fall'n down, derry down,
To bob for *Greenland Whale*
The *South-Sea* to the *North-Sea* sent;
And thereby hangs a Tale.

II.

What else they got, I know no more
Than does the Pope of *Rome*;
But twelve tall Ships together sail'd,
And brought a Dog-Fish Home.

III.

This Dog-Fish he was young and tame,
And eke a Beauty rare,
As e'er was shew'd at *Bart'lemew*,
Ay or at *Southwark Fair*.

IV.

His Eyes were sparkling bright, as e'er

A Lady's on the Land;

His Skin as soft as Blackamoor's,

Or Velvet to your Hand.

V.

His Skin, good lack! I should have said,

How sleek and short his Hair:

But then, so long as 'twas so short,

It may be past howe'er.

VI.

As for this Dog's two Fore-Legs, they

Were neither big nor small;

And as for his two Hinder-Legs,

They were no Legs at all.

VII.

Behind these Legs there hung an A—

And at that same this Lub-

ber Dog-Fish had a pickled Tail ;

Which Tail was in a Tub.

VIII.

And eke this Tub was his Closetool,

So close that nought was lost ;

For his E - va - cu - a - ti - ons

Were made *a parte post*.

IX.

A parte post ; these Words so hard,

In Latin tho' we speak 'em ;

Their Meaning in plain English is,

He made pure *Album-Gracum*.

X.

From far and near, this Dog to see,

Came Skullers and came Oars ;

Cits, Cuckolds ; Cuckold-makers, Beaux ;

Wives, Widows, Maids and Wh—

XI. Came

XI.

Came thick and threefold *Wappineers*,

All thro' Bridge Ho! so jolly ;

Came Shoals from *Battersea*, tho' cut

For Simples, to the *Folly*.

XII.

For at the *Folly*, you must know,

His wife Directors plac'd him ;

And, like my Lord Mayor in his Barge,

With Flag and 'Trumpet grac'd him.

XIII.

To see him, all their Testers gave ;

And some gave all they had ;

And so our Dog he bit 'em all :

'Tis well he was not mad.

XIV.

So Cash came in, and Stock run high ;

Rare Hope of Dividend!

XV.

The

The Word it now was *Cent. per Cent.*

But mark ye, Sirs, the End.

XV.

They, too intent on *Cent. per Cent.*

Their growing Gains pursue;

And Penny-wise, alack! forget

To give the Dog his Due.

XVI.

His Flounders they forgot to bring,

Nor Gudgeons did provide;

Nor laid they Salt upon his Tail:

And so poor *Toby* dy'd.

XVII.

Tho' the Dog-star, the Learned say,

Now mounting up the Skies,

Upon his Rival here below

Look'd down with envious Eyes;

XVIII.

And growl'd, and cock'd his Tail, and thence
 Shot forth a killing Ray;
 Now I am rising, thou shalt set;
 Each Dog must have his Day.

XIX.

So *Toby* dy'd : But if the Muse,
 My Muse, can ought foretell;
 Babes yet unborn shall sing his Fame,
 In this same Dog-ger-ell.

XX.

Then wish we all, since from One Dog
 Such Profits might have come;
 That four and twenty Ships, next Year,
 May bring a Couple Home.



*An ODE of ANACREON, translated after the
Greek Measure.*

Δότε μοι, δότε, ὦ γυναῖκες, ἔρ.

Give, ye Nymphs, O give your Lover,
Give the Bowl, and flowing over ;

See me panting, glowing, firing !

See me, see me just expiring !

Give, ye Nymphs, from yonder Bowers,

Give me Wreaths of cooling Flowers ;

See my Garlands all are wasted,

By my blazing Temples blasted !

But if Flames of Love invade Thee,

What, O what, my Heart, can shade Thee !



Epitaph on a Man and his Wife.

Here sleep, whom neither Life, nor Love,
 Nor Friendship's strictest Tye,
 Could in such close Embrace as Thou,
 Thou faithful Grave, ally.

Preserve them, each dissolv'd in each,
 For Bands of Love divine,
 For Union only more complete,
 Thou faithful Grave ! than thine.

On the foregoing Epitaph.

IF, as they tell us, Man and Wife
 Are marry'd only but for Life ;
 Say then, ye learned Casuists, whether
 They after Death should lie together.

P A S T O R A L.

COLIN. THENOT.

COLIN.

THenot, Good-day ; sure thou art bent to
In Wealth and Wisdom, thus to rise by Five.
[thrive]

THENOT.

I rose not, Truth to tell, to tend my Sheep ;
'Twas Love, not Thrift, that broke my Morning
[Sleep.]

COLIN.

If Love thine Ailment is, so soon to rise
Perhaps may make Thee rich, but never wise.

THENOT.

And why this Scoff? our Landlord has, they say,
Long woo'd, and lately wed a Lady gay;
And he is wise, or sure had ne'er been sent,
A Member for the Shire, to Parliament.

COLIN.

Yes, money'd Squires, that o'er the Country rule,
May plead their Privilege to play the Fool;

Far other Thoughts should fill the poor Man's
 He seeks not Dainties, who is pinch'd for Bread. ^{[Head ;}

T H E N O T.

If Love and Courting be forbid the Poor,
 You make the Distance greater than before ;
 None are beneath us here, and none above ;
 For all are Slaves and Sovereigns in Love.

C O L I N.

How can He meet Relief who courts his Pains,
 Or Freedom find, who glories in his Chains ?
 Yet to thy *Colin* all thy Grief reveal ;
 We tell with Pleasure what with Pain we feel,

T H E N O T.

To trusty *Colin* I my Love unfold,
 Which to my Sweet-heart dear was never told ;
Lucy, the prettiest Maiden in the Town,
 Sweet as the Nut, tho' as the Berry brown,

C O L I N.

COLIN.

Who spares to speak, to speed must ever spare;
How shall he wed, that will not woo the Fair?
By timely Vent the Farmer saves his Hay,
That smother'd close would kindling burn away.

THE NOT.

The wisest Scholars know not where to find
Apt Words, well suiting to a love-sick Mind:
What Grace shall *Thenot's* clownish Speech adorn?
I hope her Favour, but I fear her Scorn.

COLIN.

Faint Heart, like thine, ne'er won a lovely Maid;
Speak fair, few Damsels but of Praise are glad;
Despair not for a peevish Word or Frown;
The blackest Storms are soonest over-blown.

THE NOT.

Fridays of ev'ry Week, the Proverb says,
Are still the fairest or the foulest Days.

Like *Fridays*' Skies will faithful Passion prove ;
 For in our Youthful Prime, our Days of Love
 Blest in extremes, or in extremes are curst,
 Of all most Happy, or of all the Worst,

COLIN.

He reaps in Harvest who in Seed-time sows ;
 Who flights the prickly Thorn shall gain the Rose ;
 Who flies Disdain should never Kindness meet,
 Who shuns the sour should never taste the sweet.

THE NOT.

I'm us'd to toil, nor Labour shall be spar'd ;
 Rich are the Wages, tho' the Work is hard.
 To tell how rich ! oh what shall *Thenot* say !
 Sweet is the rising, and the parting Day,
 The Fruits of *August*, and the Flow'rs of *May*.
 In *July* Shade, in bleak *December* Fire,
 Ease in our Age, and in our Youth Desire.

Like

I

COLIN.

In Words like these to Her thy Love impart,
If once she gives an Ear, she'll give her Heart.
Mean time with quicker Pace to Business move;

THE NOT.

At least if Business can agree with Love.

To LESBIA, out of CATULLUS.

COME, dearest *Lesbia*, Heav'nly Fair,

Let Life and Love be all our Care;

Come, let's be happy, let's be bold,

Nor heed the Censures of the old.

When *Phæbus* falling leaves the Skies,

He only falls again to rise:

But when our short-liv'd Course is o'er,

We fall, alas! to rise no more.

If

If now, my Fair, we balk Delight,
 We're lost in everlasting Night.
 Give then, a thousand Kisses give;
 'Tis thus to love, 'tis thus to live;
 Another, and another lend,
 O kiss me, kiss me without End,
 'Tis fit, my *Lesbia*, none should know
 To what Account our Blessings grow;
 'Tis happy, if our selves confess,
 Our darling Joys are numberless.

An O D E.

SHE comes! she comes! now pants my Heart,
 Now tremble I in every Part,
 Now feel I trill a pleasing Pain
 Thro' every Nerve, thro' every Vein.

Now

II.

Now am I delug'd with Surprise,
O'erwhelm'd my Brain, o'ercast my Eyes ;
Alarm and Wonder o'er me rowl,
And turn to Ecstasie my Soul.

III.

What Rays of Beauty round her play,
And kindle up a sprightlier Day !

What Beams of Virtue all confest
Send more than Sun-shine thro' my Breast !

IV.

Hark, hark ; how sweetly speaks my Dear !
O hear, my Ears, for ever hear !
See, see what Smiles her Looks imblaze !
O gaze, my Eyes, for ever gaze.

V.

Still near Thee, Charmer, let me stay,
And look and hear my Life away ;

On

On Thee attend, with Thee abide,
And, where my Heart resides, reside.

VI.

Of Freedom now no more I boast,
Enamour'd, vanquish'd, captive, lost;
I sigh, I burn, I faint, I fall,
Who took't my Heart, O take me All.

To Mr. FENTON, on his Tragedy of Mariamne.

ACCEPT, great Bard, the Tribute of my
Tho' tuneless be my Voice, and rude my
With thy ambrosial Banquet, Heav'nly Food!
My Soul replete, breaks forth in Gratitude:
How ardent are the Transports which I feel!
Nor Words can paint them, nor my Heart conceal.

Where-e'er thy fruitful Genius leads the Way,
My Passions, of thy Guidance proud, obey;

From

From Grief to Joy, from Rage to tender Love,
 In exquisite Variety I rove.
 Now I am rapt into the gloomy Glade,
 Where flits before my Eyes the Princely Shade;
Perseus I see, from Regal Grandeur tost,
 And all the *Macedonian* Glories lost.
 With bright *Arsinoe's* Joys my Soul dilates,
 When Constancy subdues her adverse Fates.
 When for her darling Child her Tears o'erflow
 I Sympathize in *Mariamne's* Woe.
 Ev'n *Herod*, tho' by Usurpation great,
 Tho' fell Destruction stalk'd around his State,
 Tho' Royal *Asmonean* Blood he shed,
 Nor lamblike Innocence his Fury fled;
 When drawn by Thee, when passing thro' thy
 Suspend our Anger, and our Tears demands ^{[Hands,}
 With Pity we behold his wild Excess,
 And moan the Savage Tyrant's deep Distress.

Let

Let the mean Wretch enjoy his fordid Hire,
To Venal Poetry who strings his Lyre;
Pleas'd with th' ignoble Fame of one short Day,
And then in dark Oblivion fades away;
Content a partial faint Applause to raise,
And hazard all his Store of labour'd Praise.

Thou soar'st a higher Pitch, thy sacred Verse
Posterity with Raptures shall rehearse:
A perfect Model thy great Work shall stand,
In every Language, and in every Land.

Thus the vain Libertine his Time destroys
In riotous Debauch, and sensual Joys;
In short-liv'd ignominious Pleasure rows,
Trifling his Span of Life o'er flowing Bowls.
But the true Heroe glows with pious Rage,
Treads with Neglect this transitory Stage;
To nobler Views transfers his just Regard,
Eternity and Heav'n his Aim and his Reward.

ALEXANDER & XERXES.

In Latin and English.

F *Let Macedo, sibi totum ubi debellaverat orbem,
Indignans armis nil superesse suis.*

Flet Xerxes, quòd nemo suis de millibus, atas

Proxima cum veniet, nemo superstes erit.

Nolo tuas, Macedo, lachrymas : ego laudo dolorem

Humanum; & tecum, Persa, dolere volo.

T *HE Macedonian Youth with Tears deplor'd*

The scanty Globe should stint his conqu'ring

[Sword.

Xerxes in Tears dissolv'd, to think how soon

His num'rous Host would All be dead and gone.

The Persian's juster Tears my Praise employ ;

Admire who will the froward Grecian Boy.



To a Young Lady, on her Lark.

I.

SEE how thy captive Lark,
 While Clouds obscure the Sky,
 Sits pensive in his Cage,
 And pines for Liberty!

II.

But if the Sun breaks forth,
 He strait renews his Note;
 Forgets he e'er was free,
 And swells his warbling Throat.

III.

So when thy awful Brow
 Frowns with Disdain or Hate;
 I groan beneath thy Yoke,
 And curse my ill-starr'd Fate.

7

IV. But

IV.

But when thy heav'nly Face
 With pleasing Smiles looks gay,
 I bless my Conqueror,
 And glory to obey.

V.

Then since I'm doom'd thy Slave,
 Compassionate my Pains ;
 I beg not to be free,
 But give me easie Chains.

The D R E A M.

LAST Night when Sleep, with grateful Rest,
 Had calm'd the Tumults in my Breast ;
 My Fancy, to my glad Surprize,
 Plac'd *Clara's* Form before my Eyes :
 Her Face, the usual Seat of Scorn,
 Endearing Smiles did then adorn.

I ran with Transport to the Shade,
And clasp'd the visionary Maid ;
'Till waken'd by her pow'rful Charms,
I found my Pillow in my Arms.

Oh fleeting Joys ! delusive State !
How like *Ixion's* is my Fate !
He vainly with presumptuous Love,
Aspiring to the Wife of *Jove* ;
Embrac'd, instead of *Juno* fair,
A Proxy-Mistress made of Air.
But my Ambition not so great,
A smaller Disappointment met ;
And so a Dame my Bosom warm'd,
Of more substantial Feathers form'd.



AN EPIGRAM.

NO more, O *Rome*, thy wrong Belief defend,
 No more for seven Sacraments contend:
 Each wedded Wretch can readily confute
 Thy boasted Arguments in this Dispute:
 For all, by sad Experience taught, proclaim
 Penance and Matrimony are the same.

A N O T H E R.

NOT all the Shifts that crafty *Rome* invents,
 Can e'er compleat her Tale of Sacraments:
 For while the wedded Laymen, to their Cost,
 Find Matrimony all in Penance lost,
 The Clergy own, debarr'd the Nuptial Flame,
 Penance and Orders are to them the same.

On HUMAN LIFE.

I.

Since all Mankind to Happiness
 Lay some fantastic Claim;
 'Tis strange, among so great a Crowd,
 That all should miss their Aim.

II.

How were I blest, the Peasant cries,
 Had Empire been my Share!
 Curst be this Grandeur, says the Prince,
 The Source of all my Care.

III.

As when some craggy Cliff from far
 With Pleasure we survey;
 And, with the distant Prospect fir'd,
 Streight thither make our Way:

IV. But

IV.

But find at length, with Pains arriv'd,

Its tempting Glory ceas'd;

By desert Barrenness convinc'd

The Distance only pleas'd.

V.

Thus our o'er-heated Fancies rove

In all Affairs of Life;

Her, whom a Mistress we adore,

We nauseate when a Wife.

VI.

I'll, to be happy, be content,

Nor break with Care my Sleeps;

Bliss, like a Shadow, run or stand,

The self-same Distance keeps.



The *PENITENT*.

I.

Silent and lonesome while I lie,
 To my sick Bed confin'd;
 My Follies past, my num'rous Sins
 Rise dreadful in my Mind.

II.

In vain I turn from Side to Side,
 To gain my Body Ease;
 In vain solicit every Thought,
 To calm my Soul to Peace.

III.

No Peace the Wicked shall enjoy;
 (So God's fix'd Will ordains)
 But He who tastes the Sweets of Sin,
 Shall groan beneath its Pains.

IV. Earn-

IV.

Earnest for Pity now I cry,

Awaken'd by my Smart :

Reproachful Shame confounds my Soul,

And Anguish rends my Heart.

V.

But oh! will God regard my Tears,

The Fruit of Guilt and Fear ?

Me, who his Justice have provok'd,

Oh! will his Mercy spare ?

VI.

Yes; for the broken contrite Heart

My Saviour's Suff'rings plead :

He will not quench the smoking Flax,

Nor break the bruised Reed.

VII.

Ev'n here I feel his gracious Hand ;

'Tis He, severely kind,

With Sickness bows my Body down,

To raise my sinking Mind.

VIII.

Thy poor unworthy Servant view,

Resign'd to thy Decree;

Ordain me or to live or die,

But live or die in Thee.

IX.

Upon thy gracious Promise, Lord,

My humbled Soul is cast;

Thou'lt bear me safe thro' Life, thro' Death,

And raise me up at last.

X.

Low as this mortal Frame must lie,

This mortal Frame shall sing,

Where is thy Victory, O Grave?

And where, O Death, thy Sting?

Tis He, the heavenly King,

To Sir HERBERT POWELL, *Bart.*

Upon his going to Travel.

IN Friendly Part a well-meant Gift receive,
The best, tho' small, that I have Pow'r to give;
Boldly without Reluctance lend an Ear,
Nor flatt'ring Verse, nor Dedication fear,
Which only tells us what we guess'd before,
How rich the Patron, and the Bard how poor.
If wisely covetous of pretious Time,
You dread the long Impertinence of Rhyme,
These Lines with Patience may be over-past,
My first, and what is more, perhaps my last.
From all such Danger shortly You'll be free,
If not on this side, yet, beyond the Sea.

Religion first be made Your utmost Care,
Nor drop Your native Faith in foreign Air:
Nor, like the flutt'ring Triflers of the Town,
Go forth with little, and come back with none.

Mother

Mother of Errors *Rome* we well may call,
Parent of too much Faith; and none at all.
Where lying Miracles and Monkish Dreams
Fright thoughtless Fools to contrary Extremes:
Who their twelve Articles of Faith give o'er,
Because the *Trental* Creed has twenty four:
And count the Flames of Hell a fabled Story,
Because they see the Frauds of Purgatory.
In vain You boast from Pop'ry You are free,
If ting'd with Unbelief in *Italy*:
As justly desolate *Marseilles* may brag,
That she has no Disease, except the Plague,
Foe to their Church, O copy not their Vice,
Nor envy their *Italian* Liberties;
Nor aim so much in Breeding to excel,
To think it worth the Price of certain Hell.
The Devil's Lab'ers must receive their Hire;
There's no Insurance from eternal Fire.

In

In Vice we *Tramontanes* must quit the Field,
 And *Wyrrn* sure to *Elephantis* yield.
 With far-fetch'd Lust our modish Closets shine,
 But *Britain* ne'er produc'd an *Arétine*;
 Nor vile Intrigues avow'd as lawful Flame,
 Nor e'er by Statutes authoriz'd her Shame :
 Tho' large Returns the Publick might take in,
 From licens'd Practice of imported Sin ;
 Might *British* Rakes *Dutch* Musick-houses use,
 And build them *Roman* or *Venetian* Stews.

Next, travel not for nought thro' distant Lands ;
 Be wise, and just, and diligent as *Sands*,
 Whose penetrating Eye distinctly sees
 Religions, Governments, and Politicks.
 Some only learn the Diff'rence, all the while,
 Betwixt an *English* and a *German* Mile.
 What Nation's Reck'nings at their Inns are least,
 If Coaches or Post-Chaises travel best.

That

That *Adria's* Isles are pleasing to behold ;
That *Spain* is hot, and *Swisserland* is cold.
Your Party Politicians will aspire
A little, and indeed but little, higher.
Fir'd with their Country's Love they range abroad,
To find by Toils that Liberty is good.
Dauntless for this the free-born *Briton* goes
O'er *Danish* Ice, and *Pyrenean* Snows.
So round the Globe on Foot great *Coryat* strays,
To search how long the Roads, and deep the Ways;
To know where Meat was good and Liquor fine;
How strong the Sign-post, and how gay the Sign.

Nor doat on antique Pieces, nor despise :
Oft view, but seldom purchase Rarities.
Trust not their Medals lately dug from Dust,
With modern Soil, and imitated Rust.
Your *Virtuoso* travels with Design
To heap up Treasures of uncurrent Coin:

Doats

Doats on the Letters round a *Græcian* Head,
 Half raz'd; which, were they plain, he could not read.
 Pays Weight for Weight, new Gold for antient
 And for an *Otho's* Head would give his own. [Stone:

Curious abroad, forget not all the while
 The matchless Glories of Your native Isle;
 In *British* Straits what mighty Navies ride,
 What Wealth flows in with each returning Tide.
 Our callow Youth for Paintings visit *Rome*,
 And know not the Cartons they left at Home.
 Strange Sights o'er *Alps* and *Appennines* they seek,
 But stare with Silence if you name the *Peak*.
 The fam'd *Venetian* Ars'nal they explore,
 But flight the Arm'ry in the *London* Tow'r.
 With Floods of Speech the *Vatican* they praise,
 But never heard of *Bodley* in their Days.
 Asham'd of Home, of foreign Climes they boast;
 And *Thames* and *Humber* are in *Tyber* lost.

When

When back return'd, let not Your whole Dis-
 Affect the Privilege of Travellers : [course
 Nor strange Relations of Adventures give,
 Which few delight to hear, and none believe.
 Throw not Your Country's Manners quite aside,
 Nor taint our honest Air with foreign Pride.
 An *Englishman*, the Proverb tells You true,
 Who turns *Italian*, turns a Devil too.
 And none, unless distracted, would forgo
 The *British* Substance for the *Gallick* Show.
 Own that a Man of Worth may justly shine,
 Who never *Paris* view'd, or pass'd the *Rhine* :
 Such was Your * Grandfire, Glory of Your Name,
 (O might Your Virtue merit equal Fame!)
 Friend to Religion fix'd, and true to Laws,
 When suff'ring Prelates prop'd the Church's Cause.

Like

* Sir *John Powel*, one of the Judges of the King's-Bench, who acquitted the seven Bishops.

Like him accomplish'd, Britain few can boast,
And yet the narrow Seas he never crost.

Observe these Rules, till others better skill'd
More useful Lessons to Your Youth shall yield.
When far from Home, or from a wiser Friend,
These Rules, tho' mean, may some Assistance lend;
If ought of common Sense I understand,
Who ne'er saw *Dover* Cliffs, or *Calais*' Sand.

*To the Duke of R—— on his Birth-Day: presented
by his Son, an Infant.*

THat this blest Day, thro' Time's long Race,
May bring new Blessings to Your Grace,
Seems a strange Pray'r for me so young,
Before the prating Use of Tongue:
Yet when, to warble Hymns Divine,
Painters a Cherubim design,
They draw an Infant's Face, like mine.

On

S O N G.

A Thousand Charms in *Celia* meet,
 A thousand Lovers at her Feet:
 Yet she maintains the Maid, and flights
 The Genial Bed, and *Hymen's* Rites.
 Not want of Pity in the Fair
 But worth in Man, defeats his Pray'r;
 Wife Caution, and not proud Disdain,
 Preserves so long her Virgin Reign.

To Mrs. ANASTASIA ROBINSON.

When *Salva* sings or plays the Heroine's
 The Fiction's ill supported by her Art;
 There's something vulgar, through the rich Disguise,
 Betrays the Mimick, and offends the Eyes.
 But when your Voice is heard, and Beauty seen;
 You seem a Goddess, when You act a Queen.

From M A R T I A L.

Callidus effraeta nummos fur auferet arca, &c.

I.

THY hoarded Gold, thy Chests may quit
To wily Thieves a Prize;

Thy House, to wasting Flames submit,
And vanish from thine Eyes.

II.

Thy Money lent, no Use may yield,

It self be thine no more;

The Seed thou scatter'st in thy Field,

Thy Field may ne'er restore.

III.

Thy trusted Agents, lewd or vain,

May riot at thy Cost;

Thy freighted Vessels on the Main,

May in the Main be lost.

L

IV. What

IV.

What to thy Friends thy Hands consign,
 And bounteously bestow;
 That Treasure, that alone is thine,
 And always will be so.

S O N G.

I.

HOW do they err, who throw their Love
 On Fate or Fortune wholly,
 Whom only Rants and Flights can move,
 And Rapture join'd with Folly!

II.

For how can Pleasure solid be
 Where Thought is out of Season?
 Do I love You, or You love Me,
 My Dear, without a Reason?

III. Our

III.

Our Sense then rightly we'll employ,
 No Paradise expecting;
 Yet envying none the trifling Joy,
 That will not bear reflecting.

IV.

For Wisdom's Pow'r (since after all
 Ev'n Life is past the curing!)
 Softens the worst that can befall,
 And makes the best enduring!

C A T U L L I A N U M,

Decantatum illud

Boys and Girls, come out to play, &c.

A *Desse, o pueri puelluleque,*
Omnes undique, sed lubenter omnes;
Lusuri pueri puelluleque.
Phæbe pallidulo renidet orbe,

*Vix impar jubari meridiano,
 Ne vobis vacet aut cibo aut sopori;
 Non nobis vacat aut cibo aut sopori.
 Vocant vos triviæ choro sonantes,
 Vocant vos comites; adeste ludis;
 Vocant vos pueri puellulæque.*

On Ben Johnson's Bust, lately set up in Westminster Abby, with the Buttons on the wrong Side.

O Rare *Ben Johnson*! what, a Turn-coat
 Thou ne'er wert such, till thou wert clad in ^{[grown?}
 When Time thy Coat, thy only Coat impairs, ^{[Stone:}
 Thou'lt find a Patron in a hundred Years:
 Then let not this Mistake disturb thy Sprite,
 Another Age shall set thy Buttons right.



REFLECTIONS upon these two Verses
of Mr. OLDHAM'S :

Lord of my self, accountable to none
But to my Conscience, and my God alone.

I.

Live there, compos'd of earthly Frame,
Who dare such Height of Pride to own,
Lords of themselves, themselves to name,
As if accountable to none?

II.

How vain th'assuming in a Dream
The Greatness due to God alone!
Who self-sufficient, and supreme,
Still reigns accountable to none.

III.

Thus *Lucifer* his Honours lost,
Hurl'd headlong from his azure Throne;

So dear the short aspiring Cost,
To reign accountable to none.

IV.

Pride soars for Seraphim too high!
Shall Man be proud, a Wretch forlorn !
Ere well he lives ordain'd to die,
Of Sin conceiv'd, and Woman born !

V.

An angry Look, or sudden Word,
A stinging Weed, or little Thorn
Can discompose this mighty Lord,
Of Sin conceiv'd, and Woman born.

VI.

The flightest Toy can end his Span,
The meanest Object of his Scorn
Can crush this independant Man,
Of Sin conceiv'd, and Woman born.

VII. But

VII.

But few perhaps desire, while here,

To reign accountable to none :

The wisest may vouchsafe to fear

Their Conscience and their God alone.

VIII.

While Fools, for Terror or Reward,

Are steer'd by Motions not their own ;

These centring in themselves, regard

Their Conscience and their God alone.

IX.

The World may flatter, or revile,

May court the Mitre or the Throne ;

These fear the Frown and seek the Smile

Of Conscience and of God alone.

X.

Here surely they may Refuge take,

No ; lower yet descend and lower ;

For see the Windings of the Snake
Beneath the Beauties of the Flower.

XI.

Saints from Accounting are not free,
When Chains of Duty bind their Hands:
And e'en when these are loose, we see
That strong Necessity commands !

XII.

Go ! bid the wisest Pleader gain
The Cause of which he nothing sees :
Go ! bid Physicians heal our Pain,
Without enquiring the Disease.

XIII.

Depending seemingly on Air,
Her Nets the lab'ring Insect spreads.
The nearer Nothing they appear,
The easier 'tis to break their Threads.

XIV. Thro'

XIV.

Thro' Nature we may search in vain :

Where can this fond *Chimera* be,

This Vision of the waking Brain,

This Idol Independancy ?

XV.

The larger half of all Mankind,

Not yet to Years of Reason grown,

By God and Nature are assign'd ;

Nor Will, nor Freedom of their own.

XVI.

Woman, a Goddess to the Fool,

Without usurping cannot sway.

By what Commission shall she rule,

Sworn, nay created, to obey !

XVII.

Subjects with sworn Allegiance bow

To Sov'reigns, Heav'n's peculiar Care !

And

And just Degrees of Duty owe
To all that *Cæsar's* Image bear.

XVIII.

Nay, tho' th' unworthiest of the Crowd
Above their Fellows Heads should soar,
To Them, the learn'd, the wise, the good,
May bow respectful, when in Pow'r.

XIX.

If ought our Brother's Fall may cause,
The Scandal giv'n we must remove;
Enjoyn'd by Christ, if not by Laws,
To veil our Dignity to Love.

XX.

At Charity's Almighty Call,
Down, down is human Grandeur thrown.
We then must give Account to all.
And thus accountable to none !

XXI. The

XXI.

The greatest Sov'reign of the Ball,
High rais'd on his Imperial Throne,
In Love must give Account to all.
In Law accountable to none.

XXII.

To Friends and Foes, to Great and Small,
Our Country's Servants, nay our own,
We all must give Account to all.
And thus accountable to none !

XXIII.

But grant that, far from Human-kind,
Obliging and oblig'd by none,
We graze like Anchorites, resign'd
To Conscience and to God alone :

XXIV.

Tho' the first Thought perhaps may rove,
As if from Awe of all we ran :

Severely will the second prove

That Pride was never made for Man.

XXV.

If all we think, and do, and say,

To Men and Angels will be shown;

What boots it for an Hour, or Day,

To lurk, accountable to none?

*Presented to a Young Lady, with Advice to a
Daughter.*

ADvice, *Cosmelia*, by the Wife is lov'd,
And, where 'tis wanted least, is most ap-
[prov'd:
What tho' it teach but how you now behave,
A Friend may offer what a Father gave!
What tho' you need it not, yet kindly take
And read it oft and oft for others' sake!
In fairest Light their Duty then they'll view,
The Precept this, the bright Example You.

On

*On the Dispute before the Parliament about
building a Bridge at Westminster.*

OLD London, great and wealthy grown,
Will have no Bridge besides her own:
While *Westminster* pleads Equity,
To have a Bridge as well as She.
Each to the House her Pray'r prefers;
And She that Hers, and She that Hers,
Insists, is, to a Demonstration,
Most for the Service of the Nation.

The House resolv'd, with one Consent,
For soon they smok'd the Argument,
That All, from the Land's-End to *Dover*,
Will praise the Bridge that they go over,



EPITAPH on an INFANT.

TO the dark and silent Tomb,
Soon I hasted from the Womb;
Scarce the Dawn of Life began,
Ere I measur'd out my Span.

I no smiling Pleasures knew,
I no gay Delights could view;
Joyless Sojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.

*Happy Infant ! early blest !
Rest, in peaceful Slumber rest ;
Early rescu'd from the Cares,
Which increase with growing Tears.*

No Delights are worth thy Stay,

Smiling as they seem and gay;

All our Gayety is vain,

All our Laughter is but Pain.

Are then all your Pleasures vain?

Is there none exempt from Pain?

Is there no Delight or Joy,

But your fondest Hopes will cloy?

Short and sickly are they all:

Hardly tasted, ere they pall:

Lasting only, and divine,

Is an Innocence like Thine.

Sickly Pleasures, all adieu!

Pleasures, which I never knew:

I'll enjoy my early Rest,
 Of my Innocence possess;
 Happy, happy! from the Womb
 That I hasted to the Tomb.

L A P I D A R I U M.

Sub brevi hoc marmore reconditur

Quod reliquum est

(Heu! quantuli quantillum!)

J. C.

Qui vitam prospexit tantum,

Et egressus est;

In ipso primo aditu,

Nugarum & lachrymarum satur.



The M A S Q U E R A D E.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas

I.

YOU've heard of more than civil Jars
Betwixt two Rival Theatres

Contending to exhaust us;

Each clapt their Fools in Masquerade,

Each call'd their Devil to their Aid,

And each their *Doctor Faustus*.

II.

The Hireling Actors, for their Pay,

They made to vary every Day

To every Shape in Nature;

And where's the Wonder of all this?

Still was no *Metamorphosis*

E'er wrought in the Spectator.

M

III. But

III.

But this is Art, consummate Art,
To make the Audience play their Part ;
And we've an old *Volpone*
Makes These perform his Drudgery
At their own Charge, and pay to be
His *Dramatis Personæ*.

IV.

In thick impenetrable Brass
Kind Nature first rough-cast his Face,
And stock'd him for a Trader ;
Sent him with Native Vizard on,
For, of all Creatures, He alone,
Was born a Masquerader.

V.

Dug out of hard metallic Soil,
From Land of *Swiss* to *Britain's* Ile
Was brought this choice Exotic:

That

That over Commoners and Peers,

Without a Rival, domineers

A Conjuror despotic.

VI.

In Dead of Night, with Toil oppress'd,

When harmless Mortals sink to Rest,

Behold his Phantomes rising!

In Crouds, obsequious to his Call,

They pour into th' enchanted Hall

Ten thousand Shapes surprising.

VII.

From every Nation, far and near,

The Representatives appear,

Of all the several Places :

Hither her *Achmets* Turkey sends,

Persia her *Miriweis's* lends,

And *Rome* her *Bonifaces*.

VIII.

This wondrous Wizard's magic Force
 Quite puts old Nature out of Course,
 And all her Works perplexes;
 Asserts a Pow'r of more Extent,
 Than e'er did Act of Parliament;
 And changes ev'n the Sexes.

IX.

Shews reverend Dotards of Fifteen,
 With Beards so grey, and Heads so green,
 Come pacing fiddle faddle:
 With Bells, and Drums, and Bawbles store,
 Craz'd puling Infants of Threescore,
 Come creeping from the Cradle.

X.

Or, if th' Enchanter so decree,
Presto begone Humanity!
 Brute after Brute advances:

Sly

Sly *Reinard* plays his Gibes and Mocks,
And liqu'rish *Isgrim* eyes the Flocks,
And *Bruin* leads the Dances.

XI.

Such Wonders not old *Ovid* sings,
When, thro' the Forms transform'd of Things,
His fertile Fancy ranges :
'Twould put *Tiresias* to a stand;
Medea's Cup, or *Circe's* Wand
Had never wrought these Changes.

XII.

Where Contraries like these are join'd,
Where *Incubi* of every kind
Compound such diff'rent Natures:
What motly Race must hence proceed!
What unspecific, monstrous Breed
Of het'rogeneous Creatures!

XIII.

The mystic Bacchanalian Rite,

The solemn Orgies of the Night

Keep, uncontroul'd, their Station:

Till the Cock crow, and Matin Bell

With sacred Sound dissolve the Spell,

And end the Conjunction.

PROLOGUE to IGNORAMUS.

In 1711.

IN Metamorphosis, as Poets tell,

Proteus did all his Brother Gods excel.

Just as the Fancy took him wou'd appear

An *Opera* Lion, or a *Hockley* Bear.

Would bellow, grunt, or miaul, or bark, or hiss;

In short, no earthly Figure came amiss.

But if you prest him, and he could not scape,

At last he reassum'd his proper Shape.

Just

Just such in Life has *Ignoramus* been,
 First in one Dress, and then another seen.
 Howe'er this Play confines him to the Bar,
 He ranges, and by Turns is ev'ry where.
 Sometimes upon a Stage exalted high,
 He either couches, or puts out an Eye.
 Now glares in gilded Chariot, and anon
 Ascends a Tub, and proves a stiff *Non-Con.*
 Then he will dress, and drink, and swear, and fight,
 And lose a thousand Guineas in a Night.
 Next runs against a Post, and breaks a Shin,
 Yet gravely tells you of the Light within.
 Soon after the Poetic Maggot bites,
 He calls for Paper, Pen, and Ink, and writes
 No matter what, Dramatics, Epics, Lyrics,
 Ballads or Odes, Lampoons or Panegyrics.

Thus have I oft the various Frenzy view'd,
 Thro' every Scene the shifting Fool pursu'd,

'Till tir'd with all the Changes he had shown,
 His genuine Figure he resolv'd to own,
 Of *Dev'reux* Court, his proper Sphere, possess,
Free-Thinker turn'd — and there he stands confest,

On a Lady stung by a Bee.

I.

AS *Cælia* in her Garden stray'd,
 Secure, nor dreamt of Harm;
 A Bee approach'd the lovely Maid,
 And rested on her Arm.

II.

The curious Insect thither flew,
 To taste the tempting Bloom:
 But, with a thousand Sweets in view,
 It found a sudden Doom.

III. Her

III.

Her nimble Hand of Life bereav'd
The daring little Thing;
But first the snowy Arm receiv'd
And felt the painful Sting.

IV.

Once only could that Sting surprize,
Once be injurious found:
Not so the Darts of *Celia's* Eyes,
They never cease to wound.

V.

Oh! would the short-liv'd burning Smart
The Nymph to Pity move;
And teach her to regard the Heart
She fires with endless Love.



The FAIRIES.

I.

Come follow, follow me,
Ye fairy Elves, that be
Light tripping o'er the Green;
Come follow *Mab* your Queen:
Hand in Hand we'll dance around,
For this Place is Fairy Ground.

II.

When Mortals are at rest,
And snoreing in their Nest;
Unheard and unespied
Through Key-holes we do glide,
Over Tables, Stools and Shelves,
We trip it with our Fairy Elves,

III. And

L E M U R E S.

I.

EIA! Lemures amati,
 Viridem per herbam prati
 Levi gressu me divinam,
 Me sequimini Reginam:
 Manus nexas glomerantes,
 Sacro solo saltitantes.

II.

Horæ somni cùm revertunt,
 Lectis & mortales sertiunt,
 Patet clausis seris iter,
 Nec videtur, nec auditur.
 Nec impediunt vagatores
 Mensæ, sellæ, scamna, fores.

III. Siqua

III.

And if the House be foul,
With Platter, Dish or Bowl,
Up Stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the Sluts asleep ;
Then we pinch their Arms and Thighs :
None us hears, and none us spies.

IV.

But if the House be swept,
And from Uncleanneſs kept,
We praise the Houſhold Maid,
And ſurely ſhe is paid :
Every Night before we go,
We drop a Teſter in her Shoe.

V.

Then o'er a Muſhroom's Head,
Our Table-cloth we ſpread,

III.

*Siqua fæda sint in cellis,
Ollis, amphoris, patellis,
Fuvat famulas adire,
Sorde turpes & punire,
Brachia, crura vellicamus,
Cutes ungue variamus.*

IV.

*Domus nocte sin profundâ
Scopis tersa, lauta, munda;
Non ancilla verrit gratis,
Habet præmium puritatis.
In sandalio sic merenti
Stipem linquimus argenti.*

V.

*Super tuber, quasi mensam,
Mappam pandimus extensam.*

A Grain of Rye or Wheat

The Diet that we eat;
Pearly Drops of Dew we drink,
In Acorn Cups fill'd to the Brink.

VI.

The Brains of Nightingales,
With unctious Fat of Snails,
Between two Cockles stew'd,
Is Meat that's eas'ly chew'd,
And Brains of Worms and Marrow of Mice
Do make a Feast that's wondrous nice.

VII.

The Grasshopper, Gnat and Fly
Serve for our Minstrelsy,
Grace said, we dance a-while,
And so the Time beguile;
But if the Moon doth hide her Head,
The Glowworm lights us home to Bed.

VIII. O'er

Sat superque nostro panis
Moles est unius grani:
Mentes hilarat liquore
Theca glandis plena rore.

VI.

Dein medulla mollicella
Murium, avium cerebella,
Inter testulas coquenda,
Dente facili terenda,
Superabunt carnem bovis,
Vel Ambrosiam summi Jovis.

VII.

Pulex, musca amans aule,
Et cicada sunt choraulæ,
Quarum dulcem ad cœnam
Saltus agimus post cœnam,
Lunam tectam noctiluca
Supplet radiis domiluca.

5 3 3

VIII. *Graciles*

VIII.

O'er Tops of dewy Grass
 So nimbly we do pass,
 The young and tender Stalk
 Ne'er bends where we do walk;
 Yet in the Morning may be seen,
 Where we the Night before have been.

PILA ex nive coacta.

ME nive candenti petiit modo Julia; rebar
 Igne carere nivem, sed tamen ignis erat.
 Quid nive frigidius? nostrum tamen urere pectus
 Nix potuit manibus, Julia, missa tuis.
 Quis locus insidiis dabitur mihi tutus amoris,
 Frigore concreta si latet ignis aqua?
 Julia, sola potes nostras extinguere flammam,
 Non nive, non glacie, sed potes igne pari.

HORACE, ODE, BOOK IV. VIII.

Graciles tripudiamus,

Molle gramen nec curvamus:

Pede festo quod calcatum,

Choris noctu consecratum,

Spica vernat altiore ;

Lux cum redeat Aurora.

The S N O W - B A L L.

Julia, young Wanton, flung the gather'd Snow,
Nor fear'd I Burning from the watry Blow :

'Tis cold, I cry'd ; but ah ! too soon I found,

Sent by that Hand it dealt a scorching Wound.

Resistless Fair ! we fly thy Pow'r in vain,

Who turn'st to fiery Darts the frozen Rain.

Burn, Julia, burn like me, and that Desire

With Water which thou kindest, quench with Fire.

HORACE, ODE XVI. BOOK II.

TO G R O S P H U S.

I.

FOR gentle Ease and downy Sleep
 To Heav'n the trembling Sailor bends,
 When sudden on th' *Ægean* Deep
 The dreadful Hurricane descends.

II.

For Ease the warlike *Thracian* cries,
 The *Mede* in graceful Armour bold ;
 O *Grosphus* ! not the purchas'd Prize
 Of Jewels, Purple, or of Gold.

III.

Not all that *Indian* Treasures give,
 Nor Guards and Honours of the Great,
 Uneasie Care away can drive,
 That hovers o'er the stately Seat.

IV. The

IV.

The humble Swain may Quiet find,
Who, with clean Competency blest,
Has no vile Passion of the Mind
To ruffle his untainted Breast.

V.

With vain Pursuits why should we waste
A fleeting Life? why change our Sky?
Since, to what Climes so'er we haste,
We from our selves can never fly.

VI.

Care in the gilded Vessel sails,
And closely fits the flying Steed;
Cou'd we ascend the Eastern Gales,
This wou'd prevent our airy Speed.

VII.

The Mind with present Lot content,
And fir'd with no ambitious Views,

Receives with Smiles the Blessings lent,
And here for no Perfection sues.

VIII.

In Youth was great *Achilles* slain;
Tithonus pin'd with long Decay;
To me the Gods may Favours deign,
For which you fruitless Incense pay.

IX.

A thousand Heifers round you low,
And Flocks the verdant Prospect hide;
While on your Back their Fleeces glow,
And warm you with a purple Pride.

X.

Me chearful, tho' with mean Estate,
The Muse with Talents has endow'd,
And the propitious Hand of Fate
Has kindly rais'd above the Crowd.

A Letter to a Lady, with a Present of Turkey-Eggs.

*Parta mee Veneri sunt munera —
— decem misi, cras altera mittam.*

FAIR Virgin, this Epistle begs
Your kind Acceptance of these Eggs,
Which a majestick Hen has laid;
Than which a statelier ne'er survey'd
Or, where she feeds, *Britannia's* Isle,
Or, whence she sprung, the fruitful *Nile*.

Were with your self, the tuneful Nine,
On what I here present, to dine,
An Egg wou'd be the equal Share,
Of each immortal, smiling Fair.

What Presents now salute your Hand,
Shall doubled be at your Command.

Nor, Madam, my Design mistake;
Supposing I an Offer make

Of Viands I my self refuse,
And want the Taste or Skill to use.

On these, when simply drest, I dine,
And never at my Stars repine.

Temper'd in Froize they please my Fancy,
Or in the verdant Hue of Tanfy,

These copious in the Pudding put,

The Vicar claims a second Cut.

Shou'd Plums and Sewet too conspire,

No Monarch like the rural Squire :

The City Lord will gladly own

Their Virtues each returning Noon,

When Custard trembles in his Spoon,

He'll smooth his Magisterial Face,

And bless the Pow'rs that gave the Mace.

The May'refs too, his honour'd Dame,

In Silence then confirms the same,

With

With these the yielding Dough improve,
The Lump will animated move.
(The Mountain heaves and labours so,
When huge *Typhæus* moves below)
Hence hearty, crisp, delicious Paste
Will gratify the nicest Taste,
'Twill in Election Dainties flake,
Or raise for smiling Brides Plum-cake.

Our Souls revive, when we regale
In the sweet balmy Draught Egg-Ale :
Tho' frequent Coughs our Vessels strain,
We for such Physick thank the Pain,
And no Receipt can nobler find
Of all our Grannums left behind ;
For this may Nought their Shades molest,
Nor call 'em from their gentle Rest.

These Praises often I resume,
Brib'd by Sack-Poffet's blest Perfume ;

Where Eggs, Spice, Sugar, Wine and Cream,
Blended in one Ambrosial Stream,
With lovely Harmony combine,
And make a Mixture so divine,
As represents the Nuptial State,
Which 'twas design'd to celebrate.

This Mess, by Critics 'tis believ'd,
We from the Golden Age receiv'd;
Tho' others more exact infer
'Twas dated since the *Trojan War*.
Had *Homer* understood its use,
The Medley by the deathless Muse
Had been with matchless Skill prepar'd,
And Deities the Treat had shar'd:
Great *Jove* had gloriously besmear'd
With Posset his majestic Beard.

You'll scarce a Composition name
Where I'll conclude an Egg to blame.

Nay

Nay smoking from the luke-warm Nest,
Unmix'd by Art, by Flame undrest,
It yields to me a generous Feast.
My Lips the golden Potion sup,
With Pleasure from the *China* Cup.
Delightful Boon of Nature's Hand,
Which while we Mortals can command,
'Twill stave off Hunger's fatal Pains,
And give new Pulse to languid Veins!

This, when old *Rome* in Splendor fed,
Still with Applause the Banquet led.
New *Rome*, indulg'd this happy Chear,
May welcome Penance all the Year.

From this Preamble you'll attend
This Present in Respect I send:
Hence too these artless Lines You read,
With such spontaneous Ease proceed.

For

For Kindness, glowing at the Heart,
Will Influence to the Head impart,
Which as in Limbeck heated flies,
And at the Roof for Vent applies,
By willing Tendency agen,
It thence distills into my Pen.

And were I with such Talents blest
As once facetious *Greeks* posselt,
I by surprizing Dint of Muse
Wou'd curious Oval Forms produce;
Then as my Fancy Virtue brings,
I'd hatch them into folding Wings,
With rapid Speed the finish'd Pair
Shou'd fly a Present to the Fair.

But Nature frowns, and I in vain
For such *Dadalean* Glories strain ;
The weak Conceptions of my Noddle,
Wanting such ripening Force, prove Addle.

Yet,

Yet, tho' from native Stock within
My Genius can't such Wonders spin,
It can (which in my partial Eyes
Will next in Weight and Value rise)
Shew, how these Tokens You receive
May cloath'd in real Feathers live:
And tho' your Knowledge mine excel,
Let me the pleasing Scene reveal:
Nor wonder, while of Wings I write,
The Muse attempts a nobler Flight.

With Safety at Your tender Hand
Whene'er these unborn Orphans land,
A gentle Step-Mother provide,
That shall with eager Fondness hide,
And cherish this adopted Brood,
As true Descendants of her Blood.
While hers, for our Luxurious Gust,
Perhaps now swell the brittle Crust,

Or

Or are unpity'd chopt or beat,

Or simmer o'er the raging Heat.

A kinder Heat her Limbs dispense,

Which with reviving Influence

Awakens, not destroys, the Sense.

Like what we feel from *Titan's* Rays,

Or what your lovely Smile conveys.

She'll closely fit the live-long Day,

And never from her Embryos stray;

She'll brood unwearied o'er her Nest,

Scarce granting Time for Food or Rest,

Not Poets, who in Raptures dwell

In their aerial Citadel,

Can closer to their Labours keep,

With thinner Diet, or less Sleep,

While to produce they fondly try

An Issue that may reach the Sky,

She

She often turns with curious Art
The pregnant Shell, and to each Part
Virtue in just Proportion gives
Till the fermented Jelly lives.

Thus *Phidias* with attentive Eyes
The Chissel round and round applies,
While Limbs and Features he bestows,
And Passion on the Marble throws,
Beauty attends the forming Steel,
And Statues all — but breathe and feel;
But Sense is wanting to the Stone,
Tho' *Venus* smile, or *Pallas* frown.

The Hen, with more surprizing Skill,
Can to her Labours Sense instill,
She can infuse *Promethean* Flames,
And quicken what with Care she frames.

Ye Sceptics, who presume to teach
That Truth still lies in Reason's Reach,

Who

Who seldom pray, and often feed,
And from your Senses take your Creed,
Tell me, how she the Mass inspires,
And kindles up the Vital Fires?
How, warm'd by her indulgent Love,
Each *Chaos* will to Beauty move?
How Balls like these with Vigor rise,
And feather'd Yolks ascend the Skies?
Or, what's as strange, inform me, how
These Riddles from my Fancy flow?
Resolve these Queries of the Brain,
And in Return That shall explain,
How from the Mighty *Fiat* came
This great, stupendous, finish'd Frame!

But what this vain, assuming Race,
With equal Modesty and Grace,
Grants or denies, we need not mind;
You'll, ere one Moon compleated, find

That,

That, after some intestine Throws,
The Case a Cranny will disclose,
Which will admit the chearful Ray,
And bless the callow Young with Day.
For when Dame Nature loudly knocks,
The Tenant soon the Door unlocks.
Here, Nymph, in decent Silence stand,
And in the Draught admire the Hand;
Admire, and in your Thoughts adore,
But wise pretend to nothing more:
These are the Glories of the Mind
When Reason can't the Bottom find.

And if in this neglected Shell
Such Wonders human Grasp excel,
When Nature's potent Lord shall call,
And Thunder wakes the dormant Ball,
What hinders to conceive the Urn
Your Dust to Beauty may return.

The Nurse, with true parental Care,
Will screen 'em from the chilling Air,
Now pick up, then remit the Meat,
And teach her Infant-Charge to eat;

O Nymph, shou'd you by Heav'n be led
A second to the Bridal Bed,
And Pledges of a former Love
Beneath your Jurisdiction move;
Like this let your Affections yearn,
And in the Hen the Mother learn.

Thus fed and cherish'd, ere the Sun
Has half his annual Circle run,
The Birds will gayly strut in state,
And gobling for your Favours wait,
Their Train in pompous Arch display,
And rival Glories with the Day.
Extended Pinions sweep the Ground,
And waft a pleasing dreadful Sound,

While

While Passion lively is exprest
In ruby Pendants o'er the Breast,
And Head inflam'd with scarlet Crest.
From each proud Step faint Thunder flows,
Each angry Look with Light'ning glows;
Their Colour, Majesty and Size
Peacocks will view with envious Eyes.

And when, alas! their streaming Life
With Purple stains the pointed Knife,
Of all the num'rous feather'd Kind
Which here their humble Mansion find,
Or with exalted Pinion soar,
Or skim the Flood with pliant Oar,
None entertain with nicer Meat,
Or yield a more substantial Treat.

O! wou'd my Stars in any State,
Where-e'er my Lot, whate'er my Fate,

Some Turkies and a Mully grant,
And *Ceres* to supply my Want;
And add to my expecting Arms
A Part'ner but with half your Charms,
That may with Elegance prepare,
And Relish give to wholesome Fare!
Content with this, I'd ask no more,
I never, never shou'd be poor.

In Friendship, Liberty, and Ease
Strict Virtue shou'd my Bliss increase,
While Providence in Nature's Dress
I trace, and for its Bounty blest,
And sometimes, sporting with the Muse,
Such inoffensive Numbers use.
Thus sweetly stealing to the Grave,
I'd envy no successful Knave,
Who, by some vile Contrivance great,
To Plunder owes his gilded State.

To A U R E L I A.

THE Spring, the pleasant Spring! is blown,
Let us leave the smoky Town;
From the *Mall*, and from the *Ring*,
Ev'ry one has taken Wing;
Cloe, *Strephon*, *Corydon*,
All are fled, and all are gone.
What is left you worth your Stay?
Come, *Aurelia*, come away.

Come, *Aurelia*, come and see
What a Seat I have for thee;
But the Seat you cannot see,
'Tis so hid with Jessamy,
With the Vine that o'er the Walls,
And in ev'ry Window crawls;

So that I think you'd pause an Hour
 Whether 'twere an House or Bow'r;
 Let us there be blith and gay!
 Come, *Aurelia*, come away.

Come with all thy sweetest Wiles,
 With thy Graces and thy Smiles;
 Come, and we will merry be,
 Who shall be so blest as we?
 We will frolick all the Day,
 Ay; we will be wondrous gay,
 Harming no one in our Play;
 ■■■ matter what the People say,
 Come, *Aurelia*, come away.



P O E T S, all Amorous.

THE Muses, nine brave spightly Lasses,
 Joint-Heiresses of Mount-Parnassus,
 (However strange!) have kept their Hearts
 All safe and sound from Cupid's Darts:
 Spight of the little fly Deceiver,
 They still are Maids as good as ever.

Of the unlucky Urchin strove
 To catch them in the Toils of Love;
 Hardly a Moment ever scaping,
 Without a Wile to take 'em napping.
 Freely whene'er they met to dine,
 And take a cheerful glass of Wine,
 By flight of hand he wou'd infuse
 Love-Powder in the gen'rous Juice.
 And then; if any chanc'd to stray,
 The Rogue wou'd instantly convey
 Some handsome Shepherd in her Way.

O ;

But

But vain were all his Tricks and Snares,
 His Craft was great, and so was theirs :
 How close so'er he watch'd their Waters,
 Their Heads were full of other matters.

Well then, says *Cupid*, be it so ;
 Yet my Revenge the Jilts shall know,
 I'll spoil their chiming Trade below ;
 All their Adorers I'll inspire
 With other than Poetic Fire ;
 More shall of *Chloe* sing and *Phillis*,
 Than of *Aeneas* and *Achilles* :
 'Midst their high Strains and Songs divine,
 In am'rous Ditty they shall whine :
Anacreon — He shall all be mine.

Hence 'tis that Poets always prove
 Slaves to the Tyranny of Love.
Horace spent all his gentle Hours
 In Assignations and Amours ;

And

And when thro' fifty Years he went ye,

He liv'd and lov'd like one of twenty.

Ovid, if we himself believe,

Was the most am'rous Rogue alive :

And, tho' we hear not one Word said

Of any Mistress *Virgil* had,

Yet how could he so well have written

Of Love, if he had ne'er been smitten?

And if Intrigues he had not try'd too,

He'd ne'er contriv'd so well for *Dido*.

Our Moderns too, each puny Son

That drinks the Dregs of *Helicon*,

All underneath this Sentence bow,

And feel th' Effects of *Cupid's* Vow.

Tho' sparing now the Muse inspire,

Love still is liberal of his Fire.

The DELUGE, out of OVID.

Protinus Æoliis, &c.

THE North, and ev'ry Cloud-dispersing Wind
 In the *Æolian* Caverns *Jove* confin'd;
 And loos'd the South, the wat'ry South, that brings
 Night in his Look, and Tempests on his Wings.
 His big swoln Beard o'erwhelming Show'rs con-
 Storms threaten'd on his Brow, and from his Locks ^{[tain'd,}
 Crush'd by his ample Palms the Clouds o'erflow ^{[it rain'd;}
 In ratling Tempests on the World below,
 Whilst various *Iris* joins her ready Aid,
 (Her Storms collected, and her Bow display'd)
 Low lie the Fruits, o'erthrown upon the Plain,
 The ripen'd Herbage and the swelling Grain:
 The Farmer sighing views his Hopes all cross'd,
 The Year's long Labour in a moment lost.

Be-

Besides the wat'ry Treasures of the Skies,
 His Brother's Forces angry *Jove* employs.
 Summon'd, the River Gods from far and near,
 Their Monarch's dread Commands with Silence
 Instant (all this a just Occasion claims) ^{[hear.}
 Pour from your Urns, pour copious all your Streams
 All Banks, all Letts, all Obstacles remove,
 At large let all your Floods unbridled rove.
 He said: they haste, their Fountains all set free
 Rush in impetuous Torrents to the Sea.
 Then with his pond'rous Mace he struck the Earth
 Broke up her hidden Springs, and gave a Deluge
 The conqu'ring Floods wide-wasting now become ^{[Birth.}
 To Man and Beast, Death, Burial, and a Tomb;
 All Nature's cover'd in one common Grave,
 Nor Temples Gods, nor Gods their Temples save.
 Strong, lofty Domes that undestroy'd abide,
 Are lost, surmounted in the whelming Tide;
 Their Turrets highest Height the Surges hide.

Now one Resemblance Earth and Ocean bore,
All was a Sea, a Sea without a Shore.
One to the Hills, one to his Pinnacle flies,
And where he lately plow'd, his Oars he plies.
The reeling Ship another vainly bore,
O'er his drown'd Corn, and *Villa* now no more,
Those Tow'rs of Oak o'er Woods and Vineyards
Or ride at Anchor, where they lately grew. ^{[flew,}
The frighted Mermaids stand amaz'd to see
Cities and Groves a Landskip in the Sea.
Tygers and Wolves, with their unheeded Prey,
The more rapacious Deluge bore away.
In vain with Tusks the Boar was arm'd for Fight,
In vain the swimming Stag made swift for Flight.
The troubled Fowl flew circling long, 'till tir'd
Flutt'ring they fell, and in the Flood expir'd.
The small Remains of wretched Men, preserv'd
From drowning with the Crowd, at length were
starv'd. Now

Now Waves, like Curtains o'er the Tragic Scene,
 Were spread, nor could the Mountains' Tops be
Parnassus only still unconquer'd stood, [seen.
 Whose lofty double Front defy'd the Flood,
 In fruitful *Phocis*, *Phocis* now defac'd,
 No longer fruitful, but a wat'ry Waste;
 In a small Bark *Deucalion* here arriv'd,
 His Spouse and He, who all the World surviv'd:
 In Him alone unspotted Virtue shin'd,
 Just were his Actions, and devout his Mind.
 And she the only good of all her Kind.
 Arriving here, strait to the Pow'rs Divine,
 Presiding o'er the Hill, in Pray'r they joyn,
 To antient *Themis*, and the sacred Nine.
Jove, as he thus beheld the hapless Pair,
 Forward to ask, and meriting his Care,
 Saw these of human-kind the only Heirs,
 And widow'd Nature floating in her Tears;
 Order'd

Order'd the North to blow, the Clouds to clear,
And Earth to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth appear.
And *Neptune* bid the roaring Waves assuage,
Threw by his Trident, and they dropt their Rage.
Calling *cærulean Triton*, as he stood
Enclos'd in shining Scales above the Flood,
The well-known Signal of Retreat to make,
His hollow sounding Shell he bids him take,
His twisted Shell which still in Windings grows,
And wider from the Mouth and wider shows.
This, by the God inspir'd with vocal Air,
From Pole to Pole the distant Regions hear;
And all the Waters of the Sea and Land
With instant Speed obey the dread Command.
The Ocean feels his Bounds, the Streams subside,
And calm within their wonted Chambers glide.
Aloft their frighted Heads the Mountains rear,
The guilty Waters shrink and disappear.

The

The naked tops of Trees, deform'd with Mud,
Rising display the Relicks of the Flood.
Thus was the World restor'd —

*To a Friend in the Country, who complain'd of his
Condition, and admir'd High Spirits in Low
Fortunes.*

I.

THIS would be still my Wish, could I
Such bitter Curse allow,
Let those I hate have Spirits high,
With Fortunes that are low.

II.

But surely when we vapour most,
If angry Fortune frown;
She'll pull, in spite of all our Boast,
Our lofty Spirits down.

III. Ev'n

III.

Ev'n I—but I can laugh and sing,

Tho' fetter'd and confin'd;

My Mind I may to Fortune bring,

Not Fortune to my Mind.)

IV.

How seldom is our Good enjoy'd,

Our Ill how hardly born,

When all our Fancies are employ'd

To kick against the Thorn!

V.

A lowly Heart and little Eye

Kind Heav'n on me bestow;

Let those I hate have Spririts high,

With Fortunes that are low.

VI.

These Maxims sage and dry, you'll say,

These rigid moral Rules,

Take

Take our superior Sense away,

And sink us into Fools.

VII.

Whoe'er can Ease by Folly get,

With Justice may despise

The thoughtful unenjoying Wit,

The miserable wife.

VIII.

But sure our selves aright to see,

True Wisdom well may bear:

'Tis nobly great to dare to be

No greater than we are.

IX.

Think not I envy Courts and Kings,

Or peevish hate Mankind;

Think not this Declaration springs

From Meanness of my Mind.

X. Ev'n

Take our inferior Sc away X.

Ev'n I perhaps, if Heav'n would deign
 High Place on me to shew'r,
 As well as any Lord might reign,
 As equal to my Pow'r.

The thoughtful unenj Wic XI.

My Mind with Weight of Business charg'd,
 Of Course would bigger grow:
 As Rivers length'ning when enlarg'd
 Enlarge their Channels too.

Tis nobly great to da XII.

Till then, a lowly Heart and Eye
 Kind Heav'n on me bestow.
 Let those I hate have Spirits high,
 With Fortunes that are low.

Think not this Declaration springs

From Manners of my Mind.

NO

*On the Death of ABEL ROPER and GEORGE
RIDPATH, Authors of the Post-Boy and Fly-
ing-Post: who dyed both on the same Day.*

ROPER and Ridpath both at once, weread
In the same self-same Paragraph, are dead!
No longer each, his Party to amuse,
For Infant Whispers hunts, and early News:
No more, as Whig or Tory most prevails,
Repines, or triumphs; or commends, or rails;
With Politicks profound no longer vexes,
No longer curious Innocents perplexes.
But weary'd both and spent, with fruitless Jar,
To others leave th' Hereditary War.
Lye they, where-e'er they lye, at last in Peace;
Where-e'er they lye, their Epitaph be this;
*Roper and Ridpath, long to Fame well known,
Were Twain when living, but in Death are One.*

P

MELISSA,

M E L I S S A.

HANC, Marce, cùm ducetur uxor, elige
 Mensaque consortem & tori;

Bene moribus morata, quæ formâ placet,

Nec dote dotatur nimis.

Non elaborat illa, de die in diem,

Se fingere & refingere;

Vultumve curiosa sumit artifex

Ab hac, ab illâ Pyxide.

Nec dislocandis & locandis crinibus,

Quos iterum & iterum dislocet,

Absumit horas, unam ineptulam aciculam

Deciesque figens & movens.

Nec exuendis induendis vestibus,

Diversa ter, ter discolor,

Jubar evehit cùm Phæbus, & cùm devehit,

Mutatur & mutabitur.

Nec

M E L I S S A.

IF, Friend, a Wife you mean to wed,
 Worthy of your Board and Bed,
 That she be virtuous be your Care,
 Not too rich, and not too fair:
 One who nor labours to display
 New Complexions ev'ry Day,
 Nor studying artificial Grace
 Out of Boxes culls a Face.
 Nor live-long Hours for dressing spares,
 Placing to displace her Hairs,
 And strait replace, an idle Pin
 Ten times shifting out and in.
 Nor daily varies, vainly nice,
 Thrice her Silks, and Colours thrice.
 Fond o'er and o'er her Suits to range,
 Changing still, and still to change.

Nec visitando pultat has & has fores,

Ut portet importunum Ave,

Meam inquietans & tuam viciniam

Ineptiis & otio.

Si fortè spectatrix Theatris interest,

(Et interest rarissima)

Illiberales nescit infacetias,

Et non verecundos sales.

Audire patiens; omnis immodestia

Perosa turpitudinem;

Sensûsque dubii & involuti ambagibus

Impura nauseat abdita.

Nec initiatur mysticis congressibus,

Noctisque cæremoniis,

Vel induens larvam, vel obnubens caput,

Lasciviat ut audentior.

Nec, invenustis ut fritillis increpet,

Et aleis impalleat,

Tene-

Nor gads to pay, with busy Air,
Trifling Visits here and there ;
Long rapping at each Door aloud,
Nuisance to a Neighbourhood.
If e'er a Play she deign to see
(Very rarely shall it be)
She likes not Wit in Lewdness shown,
Jest ill-manner'd for a Clown ;
But hears, with Ignorance or Rage,
Double Meanings of the Stage.
Her spotless Mind, the lustful Tale
Nauseates in the nicest Veil.
She ne'er is found in Crowds unclean
Entred Mysteries obscene,
Nor seeks in Mask and antick Dress
Unconfin'd Lasciviousness.
Nor pale, and angry, gaming high
Rattles the unlucky Die,

Tenebras ad usque solis ortum vigiliis,
Lucemque dat soporibus;
Dulces diei & noctis invertens vices,
Ratasque leges temporum.
Properantis ævi circulum Nympha expleat
Has inter elegantias,
Prætermicare quæ fugam vitæ finit,
Brevemque summam negligit.
Quos ire & interire permittunt dies
Indiligens, incogitans
Vulgus puellarum, Melissa computat
Feliciore calculo.
Tuas in ades nuptiali cum face,
Et cum Melissa conjuge,
Intrare pronubas videbis Gratias,
Sacrumque Virtutum eorum.
Sine arte compta, & elegans sine tedio,
Aderit Venustas; & Salus

'Till Sun-rise restless Vigils keeps,

Light consuming in her Sleeps.

Inverting Nature, turns with Play

Day to Night, and Night to Day.

This Round of Follies let her chuse

Flitting Life who likes to lose,

And lets her quickly-ending Days

Pass, and perish as they pass.

The Time that vulgar Maids despise,

Careless, thoughtless how it flies,

Melissa wise, esteems, and knows

Well to use it ere it goes.

If e'er *Melissa* wed my Friend,

With her entring shall attend

Virtues and Graces by her side,

Bride-maids fit for such a Bride ;

Neat Beauty without Art display'd,

Rosy Health with native red ;

Suo rubore rosea; & Innocentia
Cadente purior nive;
Aderit Amor, Risus, Voluptas, Gaudium,
Et litium fugax Quies;
Aderit labella comprimens Taciturnitas,
Et fœderis servans Fides;
Et omnis eventus memor Prudentia,
Divesque rerum Industria.
Accedet his virtutibus pia Humilitas,
Nunquam immemor Dei aut sui;
Regina Gratiarum aderit Humanitas,
Perferre facilis & pati,
Humana si natura quid deliquerit,
Aut caverit siquid parum;
Calumniantium susurros improbens,
Paucisque notam infamiam;
Memor, invidi rumoris ut malignitas
Inimicat urbes & domos,

With her bright Innocence shall go,
Purer than the falling Snow;
Quiet that far from quarrels flies;
Mirth and Pleasure, Love and Joys;
Firm Faith that plighted Promise keeps,
Silence watching o'er her Lips;
Prudence that ponders all Events,
Wealth-increasing Diligence.
Religion, mindful what is ow'd
To herself and to her God.
Patient to bear to pardon free,
Loveliest Grace! Humanity;
If erring Nature chance to fail,
Feeble, inadvertent, frail.
Who hates low-whisper'd spight conceal'd,
Scandal yet to few reveal'd;
Since Envy makes with rumour'd Lies
Friends and Brethren Enemies,

Good

Famulabitur castum intuens Modestia,

Et docta cultu Urbanitas;

Et advenis præsens domi Hospitalitas,

Aperta vultus & manum.

His cum sodalibus Melissa Gratiis

Ducetur ad tuam domum,

Fidelis, ægrum quicquid aut latabile est,

Et vera tecum particeps :

Solando quæ curarum amara leniat,

Et consulendo temperet ;

Fruendo quæ felicitates augeat,

Et quæ novis addat novas.

Irrupta copula hisce continebitur,

His vinculis firmabitur,

Validis ab annis ad senectam, si tuæ

Melissa sit vitæ comes ;

Quam, Marce, cum ducetur uxor, elige

Mensæque consortem & tori.

Good-Breeding shall her Handmaid be,

Join'd with chaste-look'd Modesty;

While open Heart, and Hand and Face

Hospitality displays.

If e'er *Melissa* grace your Home,

These Attendants with her come.

Whate'er can good or ill befall

Faithful Partner she of all.

Whose Wisdom teaching well to bear,

Sooths the Bitterness of Care.

Whose Joy, if prosp'rous Fate you meet,

Adds new Sweetness to the Sweet.

These Ties will nuptial Love engage,

Down from Youth to hoary Age,

If e'er *Melissa*, lovely Spouse!

Life's Companion! crown your Vows.

Such, such a Comfort chuse to wed,

Worthy of your Board and Bed.

The

The *L O V E R.*

SAY, dearest *Clio*, have you never seen,
 Never observ'd the Lover by the Mien?
 The Body wrapt up in a gentle Trance,
 The Step imperfect, and the slow Advance,
 The languid Look, the sweetly-melting Eye,
 And faintly now and then the rising Sigh;
 Still by your Side, for ever in your Way,
 And always wanting some soft thing to say,
 With fault'ring Accent, and with Words half told,
 And the swoln Bosom burning to unfold;
 'Till many tender Hours the Passion prove,
 And slowly melt it to familiar Love.

Say, dearest *Clio*, ever-charming Fair!
 Sighing I ask you, is not such my Air?
 And are not all Men such, when you they see?
 Surely they are, All Lovers are like me.

The F O O L

IF you mind but the Moral my Tale does unfold,
Tho' the Story be antient, 'twill never be old.

With the Wise and the Good Jest will do you no
But the Fool or the Knave makes you pay for your ^{[hurt,}
^{[Sport,}

In the merry brave Days of the glorious Queen
When your Men of much Sense fear'd not those that ^{[Best,}
^{[had less;}
'Twas the Custom of Courtiers to keep a poor Fellow,

Who should joke by Commission in Red, Green and ^{[Yellow;}
Who for one thing or other did most People fit,

Some were pleas'd with the Garb, and some laugh'd ^{[at the Wit,}
A Noble puff'd up, with his Pockets well stor'd,

Not as *Walsingham* wife, but as fine as a Lord,
Made a Visit, bedawb'd with Embroidery all,

Where a Fool was unluckily fate in the Hall.

Not the Rainbow when brightest more gorgeous ^{[could show,}
Nor a Belle on a Birthnight, nor Bridegroom a Beau.

Welcome

Welcome Brother, cries *Motley*, I see by the Hue
 Of your Cloaths what you are; Pray, Sir, whose
 [Fool are you?
 To this answer'd my Lord, in a pestilent Fume,
 See him punish'd before I stir out of the Room;
 I wonder you'll keep these pried Rascals, I hate 'em,
 'Tis meer *Scandalum* this, I can tell you, *Magnatum*.
 So the Master his Orders was fain to dispatch,
 The poor Knave should be whipp'd at the Buttery-
 [Hatch.
 Execution was done; and he back was convey'd
 On his Knees to beg Pardon for what he had said.
 So with shrugging his Shoulders, and Tears in his
 [Eyes,
 Streight down on his Marrow-Bones falling, he cries:
 I'll ne'er call you Fool more, but Lord *Cecil*, I trow,
 Would have scarce had me whipp'd for the calling
 [Him so!

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT *Nymph*, with curious Eye!
 Who, the purple Ev'ning, lye
 On the Mountain's lonely Van,
 Beyond the Noise of busy Man,
 Painting fair the form of Things,
 While the yellow Linner sings;
 Or the tuneful Nightingale
 Charms the Forest with her Tale;
 Come with all thy various Hues,
 Come, and aid thy Sister Muse;
 Now while *Phæbus* riding high,
 Gives Lustre to the Land and Sky!
Grongar Hill invites my Song,
 Draw the Landskip bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose Mossie Cells
 Sweetly-musing Quiet dwells:

Grongar, in whose silent Shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the Even still,
At the Fountain of a Rill,
Sate upon a flow'ry Bed,
With my Hand beneath my Head;
And stray'd my Eyes o'er *Towy's* Flood,
Over Mead, and over Wood,
From House to House, from Hill to Hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd Sides I wind,
And leave his Brooks and Meads behind,
And Groves, and Grottoes where I lay,
And Vistoes shooting Beams of Day:
Wider and wider spreads the Vale;
As Circles on a smooth Canal:
The Mountains round, unhappy Fate,
Sooner or later, of all Height!

With-

Withdraw their Summits from the Skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the Prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand Woods and Meads,
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen Hill.

Now, I gain the Mountain's Brow,
What a Landskip lies below!
No Clouds, no Vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open Scene
Does the Face of Nature show,
In all the Hues of Heaven's Bow!
And, swelling to embrace the Light,
Spreads around beyond the Sight.

Old Castles on the Cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the Skies!
Rushing from the Woods, the Spires
Seem from hence ascending Fires!

Half his Beams *Apollo* sheds,
 On the yellow Mountain-Heads!
 Gilds the Fleeces of the Flocks;
 And glitters on the broken Rocks!

Below me Trees unnumber'd rise,
 Beautiful in various Dies:
 The gloomy Pine, the Poplar blue,
 The yellow Beech, the sable Yew,
 The slender Fir, that taper grows,
 The sturdy Oak with broad-spread Boughs.
 And beyond the purple Grove,
 Haunt of *Phyllis*, Queen of Love!
 Gawdy as the op'ning Dawn,
 Lies a long and level Lawn,
 On which a dark Hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wand'ring Eye!
 Deep are his Feet in *Towy's* Flood,
 His Sides are cloath'd with waving Wood,

Half

Q

And

And antient Towers crown his Brow,
That cast an awful Look below;
Whose ragged Walls the Ivy creeps,
And with her Arms from falling keeps;
So both a Safety from the Wind
On mutual Dependance find.

'Tis now the Raven's bleak Abode;
'Tis now th' Apartment of the Toad;
And there the Fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous Adder breeds,
Conceal'd in Rums, Moss and Weeds.
While, ever and anon, there falls,
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd Walls.
Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty Brow,
Has seen this broken Pile compleat,
Big with the Vanity of State;
But transient is the Smile of Fate!

The

A little Rule, a little Sway,
A Sun-beam in a Winter's Day
Is all the Proud and Mighty have,
Between the Cradle and the Grave.

And see the Rivers how they run,
Thro' Woods and Meads, in Shade and Sun,
Sometimes swift, and sometimes flow,
Wave succeeding Wave they go
A various Journey to the Deep,
Like human Life to endless Sleep!
Thus is Nature's Vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring Thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our Cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the Landskip tire the View!
The Fountain's Fall, the River's Flow,
The woody Vallies, warm and low;

The

The windy Summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the Sky!
The pleasant Seat, the ruin'd Tow'r,
The naked Rock, the shady Bow'r;
The Town and Village, Dome and Farm,
Each give each a double Charm,
As Pearls upon an *Æthiop's* Arm.

See on the Mountain's southern side,
Where the Prospect opens wide,
Where the Ev'ning gilds the Tide;
How close and small the Hedges lie!
What streaks of Meadows cross the Eye!
A Step methinks may pass the Stream,
So little distant Dangers seem;
So we mistake the Future's face,
Ey'd thro' Hope's deluding Glass;
As yon Summits soft and fair,
Clad in Colours of the Air,

Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, and brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread tir'd the same coarse Way.

The Present's still a cloudy Day.

O may I with my self agree,

And never cover what I see:

Content me with an humble Shade,

My Passions tam'd, my Wishes laid;

For while our Wishes wildy roll,

We banish Quiet from the Soul:

'Tis thus the Busy beat the Air:

And Misers gather Wealth and Care.

Now, ev'n now, my Joy runs high,

As on the Mountain-turf I lie;

While the wanton Zephyr sings,

And in the Vale perfumes his Wings:

While the Waters murmur deep:

While the Shepherd charms his Sheep;

While the Birds unbounded fly,
And with Musick fill the Sky.

Now, ev'n now, my Joy runs high.

Be full, ye Courts, be great who will;

Open wide the lofty Door,

Seek her on the marble Floor,

In vain ye search, she is not there;

In vain ye search the Domes of Care:

Grass and Flowers Quiet treads,

On the Meads, and Mountain-heads,

Along with Pleasure, close ally'd,

Ever by each other's Side:

And often, by the murm'ring Rill,

Hears the Thrush, while all is still,

Within the Groves of Grogan Hill.

To a Gentleman whose Father was lately dead.

In Imitation of, Quis desiderio sit pudor, &c.

I.

WHat decent Time shall stay our Tears?
 What Bounds shall our just Sorrow
 Since Fate, relentless to our Pray'rs, [know?
 Has giv'n th' irrevocable Blow!

II.

Ye Muses, strike the sounding String,
 In plaintive Strains his Loss deplore,
 And teach an artless Voice to sing
 The Great, the Bounteous, now no more!

III.

For Him the Wise and Good shall mourn,
 While late Records his Fame declare;
 And oft as rolling Years return,
 Shall pay his Tomb a grateful Tear.

IV, Ah!

IV.

Ah! what avail their Complaints to thee?

Ah! what avails his Fame declar'd?

Thou moan'st alas! the just Decree,

Whence Virtue meets its full Reward.

V.

Tho' sweeter Sounds adorn'd thy Tongue

Than *Thracian Orpheus* ever play'd;

When, list'ning to the moving Song,

Each Tree bow'd down its leafy Head:

VI.

Never, ah! never from the Gloom

Of unrelenting *Pluto's* Sway,

Recall'd, could the thin Shade resume

Its ancient Tenement of Clay.

VII.

Indulgent Patience! Heav'n-born Guest!

Thy healing Wings around display;

Thou

Thou gently calm'st the stormy Breast,
And driv'st the Tyrant Grief away.

VIII.

Corroding Care, and eating Pain
By just Degrees thy Influence own;
And lovely, lasting Peace again
Resumes her long-deserted Throne.

DAMON and CELIA.

I.

W Here a fair Mead its Verdure spread,
Damon, a Swain, did Celia woo;
Never was seen, on Mead on Green,
A Nymph more fair, or Swain more true.

II.

In humble Strain he told his Pain,
And su'd as faithful Lovers sue;

The

The humbler He, the loftier She;

For She was fair, and He was true;

These my twin Lamps, with their Ewe;

Beauty, he cry'd, is short-liv'd Pride,

The Wonder of a Year or two;

In vain he tries to moralize;

She still is fair, and He is true;

To Constancy is nothing due;

The Muse's Aid he gently pray'd;

What may not Love and Verse subdue?

Nor Verse, nor Love, her Heart can move;

She still is fair, and He is true.

Thy Glories, Celia, now are few;

The Pink, the Rose, for her he chose,

Narcissus white, and Violet blue;

Unheeded lie their Sweets, and die;

For She was fair, and He was true.

He with a tender Eye shall view,

With

VI. Be

VI.

Be thine, he said, as nigh they play'd,

These my twin Lambkins, with their Ewe ;

She look'd, that Look her Meaning spoke :

For She was fair, and He was true.

VII.

Must no Regard his Love reward ?

To Constancy is nothing due ?

Nor Thought, nor Care, be she but fair,

Has *Celia*, be he false or true.

VIII.

With silent Tide, the Years they glide,

Thy Glories, *Celia*, now are few ;

When those are past, his Love shall last :

And shall not He be counted true ?

IX.

When they're decay'd, the Ruins made

He with a tender Eye shall view,

With gen'rous Eye that Loss supply;
And shall not He be counted true?

X.

What once thou wert, his faithful Heart

In blooming Likeness shall renew;
He still shall there record you fair:
And shall not He be counted true?

XI.

When in his Breast thy Charms exprest
Shall still their Virgin Lustre shew;
Know, *Celia*, know to whom you owe
Those Charms, and own that He is true.

EPIGRAM from the Greek.

IF Youth and Beauty fade, my Dear,
Impart 'em wisely while you may:
If still they last; why should you fear
To give what None can ^{take} give away?

On the young *LIONS* whelp'd in the Tower.

WHilst, at such Distance from their Native
 [Lands,
 From Southern Climes, and hot *Genoa's*
 [Sands,
 The captive *Lions* join in Love's Embrace,
 And propagate with us their tawny Race;
 We greet the Prodigy before unknown,
 And claim the Royal Species for our own.

In this fair Omen let *Britannia* see
 The Pledge of Rule, and destin'd Victory;
 And while she meditates her dread Alarms,
 And farthest *India* trembles at her Arms;
 Let her triumphant Navies, on the Main,
 From Sun to Sun assert her antient Reign,
 And check the *Austrian* Pride, and humble
 [haughty *Spain*.

A WEDDING-SONG.

Ut ameris, amabilis esto.

I.

SEE the springing Day from far
 Usher'd by the Morning-star!
 Hear the Lark, with upward Wing
 Meeting Dawn her Carol sing!
 See the Sun in Eastern Skies
 Joyous as a Bridegroom rise!
 Wake, my Dear, and come away,
 Smiling greet the happy Day,
 Ne'er was yet thy lovely Breast
 Cold or slow to my Request;
 Now begin not to delay,
 Dear, awake, and come away:
 Join thy plighted Hands, and join
 First thine Oraisons with mine.

Show'r

Show'r thine Influence from on high,
 Author of the Nuptial Tye;
 Show'r thy Graces, Holy Dove!
 God of Peace, and God of Love.

II.

If e'er thy forming Hand has giv'n
 Woman, latest Work of Heav'n,
 With social dear domestick Joys
 Height'ning lonely Paradise;
 If e'er thy kind paternal Care
 Join'd and blest the wedded Pair,
 In spotless Bonds, ordain'd to be
 Emblems of thy Church and Thee;
 If e'er thy mightier Love decreed
 Life from *Jesu*, Woman's Seed,
 The Loss of *Eden* to retrieve,
 Sprung from *Mary*, Second *Eve*;

If e'er thy Word has endless Rest
 Shadow'd by the Nuptial Feast.
 Heav'n our last Wish and farthest Aim,
 Mystick Marriage of the Lamb!
 Show'r thine Influence from on high,
 Author of the nuptial Tye;
 Show'r thy Graces, holy Dove!
 God of Peace, and God of Love!

III.

Quit not thine *Olympic* Snows,
Juno, guarding Marriage Vows.
Venus, sleep in *Ida's* Grove,
 Laughing Sea-born Queen of Love!
Cupid banish'd hence away,
 Idle *Cupid*, with her stay.
 Here nor *Hymen* shall preside
 Clasp'd in Mantle Saffron-dy'd,

R

Wanton

Wanton Graces dance, nor Hours
 Scatter Odours, Leaves and Flowers,
 Twist the blooming Wreath, nor spread
 Rose and Myrtle where we tread.
 All unfeign'd and real be
 Truth transcending Poetry.

Show'r thine Influence from on high,
 Author of the Nuptial Tye;
 Show'r thy Graces, Holy Dove!
 God of Peace, and God of Love!

IV.

Ye Virgins haste, my Bride prepare,
 Dress be now the Dear-one's Care.
 Well-suited, unaffected, free,
 Worthy Her and worthy Me.
 Nor poorly mean, nor costly vain,
 Neat, and elegant, and plain.

Her

Her Ornaments are Toys no more;
 Love's engaging chymick Pow'r,
 Like *Midas* fabled King of old,
 Touches all things into Gold.
 The Fair that unadorn'd can please
 Shines yet lovelier in her Dress;
 Still wisely careful to remove,
 Slightest Hindrances of Love.
 For nought that Love concerns is small
 All's important, solemn all.
 Show'r thine Influence from on high,
 Author of the Nuptial Tye;
 Show'r thy Graces, Holy Dove!
 God of Peace, and God of Love!

V.

Ope the hospitable Gate,
 Ope for Friendship, not for State.
 Friends well-chosen enter here,
 Equal, affable, sincere.

Cheap-bought Plenty, artless Store,
 Feed the Rich, and fill the Poor;
 Converſe chear the ſprightly Gueſt,
 Cordial Welcome crown the Feaſt;
 Eaſy Wit with Candour fraught,
 Laughter genuine and unfought;
 Jeſt from double Meaning free,
 Blameleſs harmleſs Jollity,
 Mirth that no repenting Gloom
 Treasures for our Years to come.

Show'r thine Influence from on high,
 Author of the Nuptial Tye;
 Show'r thy Graces, holy Dove!
 God of Peace, and God of Love!

VI.

May ſocial Life, ſo well begun,
 Glide with equal Tenour on.
 May timely Fruit our Blifs improve,
 Children deareſt Bonds of Love;

The darling Boy, the Daughter fair.

Objects of delightful Care ;

Rejoic'd while oft the Babes we see

Sportive clasp their Mother's Knee :

And oft from lisping Prattle find

Reason op'ning in the Mind ;

While soothing Hopes our Hearts presage,

Pleasures of our middle Age !

'Till rightly taught, the rising Brood,

Healthy, happy, wise and good,

Fulfill our Hopes, and pay our Cares,

Glory of our hoary Hairs !

Show'r thine Influence from on High,

Author of the Nuptial Tye ;

Show'r thy Graces, Holy Dove !

God of Peace, and God of Love !

VII.

Give, oh give our Days to bless,

Virtue, Source of Happiness !

Prudence, stilling Infant-Strife;
 Friendship, Remedy of Life;
 Trust, in mutual Faith secure;
 Transport generous and pure,
 Sparkling from the Soul within,
 Never boasted, always seen:
 Kind while each their Care employs
 Griefs to part, and double Joys,
 Joys to Libertines unknown,
 Fruits of Wedlock Truth alone;
 Joys that Angels may approve,
 All the Dignity of Love!

Show'r thine Influence from on high,
 Author of the Nuptial Tye;
 Show'r thy Graces, Holy Dove!
 God of Peace, and God of Love!

VIII.

: When late the Summons from above
 Parts the Life, but not the Love,

Re-

Resign'd and calm may She or I
Teach Survivors how to die:
Be free from Sin's polluting Stain
Void of Fear, and void of Pain!
For tedious Years may neither moan,
Sad, deserted, and alone;
May neither, long condemn'd to stay,
Wait their Second Bridal Day.
Grant us, oh grant, Almighty Pow'r!
Soon to meet, and part no more,
In Heav'n where Love and Joys are known
Only purer than our own;
Heav'n our last Wish and farthest Aim!
Mystick Marriage of the Lamb!
Show'r thine Influence from on high,
Author of the Nuptial Tye;
Show'r thy Graces, Holy Dove!
God of Peace, and God of Love!

HORACE, ODE XII. BOOK II.

To MÆCENAS.

I.

N O more the feeble Lyre persuade
 So bold a Theme to dare,
 The Sea with *Punick* Slaughter red,
 The fierce *Numantian* War;

II.

Or drunken Centaurs, savage Brood!
 Or *Titans*, Rebel Crew!
 Whom Gods combin'd, with Terror view'd,
 Whom great *Alcides* slew.

III.

You in Historic Prose may tell
 The Palms of *Cæsar's* Reign;
 What Royal Slaves indignant swell
 To burst the Conqu'ror's Chain.

IV. *Lici-*

IV.

Licinia's softer Victory,
That pleasing Theme be mine,
Her Voice, her Wit, her sparkling Eye,
And Heart that beats to thine.

V.

When on *Diana's* sacred Day,
The beauteous Choirs advance;
Graceful each Virgin moves, but she
Most graceful in the Dance.

VI.

Mæcenæ, say does *Phrygia* bear,
Or can *Arabia* send
Treasure, for which you would a Hair
Of your *Licinia* lend?

VII.

Reclining, while she now complies,
And yields the fragrant Kiss;

With soft Reluctance now denies
The easy-ravish'd Bliss.

PARAPHRASE on the viiith P S A L M.

O God! how glorious is thy Name!
Thy Praise Heav'n's highest Orbs
And distant Earth resounds the same. ^{[proclaim,}

Thro' all thy Works such Pow'r appears;
Such Wonders strike our Eyes and Ears;
So bright, so quick on ev'ry Sense
Dart all thy Rays of Excellence:
They loose the stamm'ring Infant's Tongue,
And sucking Babes excite to Song.
The rustic Idiot looks on high,
And streight he's taught Philosophy:
No Books he wants, no Terms of Art;
Full flows the Language of his Heart;

While

While Truth, convey'd in simplest Sounds,
The Rage of impious Wit confounds.

Yes, Lord! When thro' the starry Height,
Thy Work, I send my ravish'd Sight;
When I the silver Moon behold,
And sparkling Worlds of burnish'd Gold,
(Blest Mansions, where for ever shine
Angelic Natures, Forms divine:)
O! What is Man? What's all his Race,
Once in thy Thoughts to find a Place?
How could thy Greatness condescend
To make this silly Worm thy Friend?
Him hast thou so far deign'd to crown
With God-like Honours, high Renown,
Thou mak'st him, tho' more frail, to Vie
With Cherubs selves in Dignity.
For him thy Love did first create
This spacious World to serve his State;

Here rais'd this Earth to be his Throne,
And bad his Pow'r each Creature own.
The fleecy Kind the Mountains feed;
The lowing Herds that graze the Mead;
The Beasts, the Birds, the finny Prey,
Thro' Streams, or Seas that cut their way;
What Earth and Air, and what the Main,
In all their ample Stores contain;
All, all on Man thou hast bestow'd,
And thus thy Love, thy Bounty show'd.

O God! How glorious is thy Name!
Thy Praise Heav'n's highest Orbs proclaim,
And distant Earth resounds the same.

On

On the Passion of our Saviour.

I.

FROM whence these dire Portents around,
That Earth and Heav'n amaze?

Wherefore do Earthquakes cleave the Ground?

Why hides the Sun his Rays?

II.

Not thus did *Sinai's* trembling Head

With sacred Horrour nod,

Beneath the dark Pavilion spread

Of Legislative God!

III.

Thou Earth, thy lowest Centre shake,

With *Jesu* sympathize!

Thou Sun, as Hell's deep Gloom be black,

'Tis thy Creator dies!

IV.

What Tongue the Tortures can declare

Of this vindictive Hour?

Wrath He alone had Will to share,
As He alone had Pow'r!

V.

See streaming from th' accursed Tree

His all-attoning Blood!

Is this the Infinite? 'Tis He!

My Saviour and my God!

VI.

For me these Pangs his Soul assail,

For me the Death is born!

My Sin gave Sharpness to the Nail,

And pointed ev'ry Thorn!

VII.

Let Sin no more my Soul enslave;

Break, Lord, the Tyrant's Chain!

Oh, save me whom Thou cam'st to save,

Nor bleed nor die in vain.

Part of the xlvith Psalm Paraphras'd.

ON God supreme our Hope depends,
 Whose omnipresent Sight
 Ev'n to the pathless Realms extends
 Of uncreated Night.

Plung'd in th' Abyss of deep Distress,
 To Him we raise our Cry:
 His Mercy bids our Sorrows cease,
 And fills our Tongue with Joy!

Tho' Earth her ancient Seat forsake,
 By Pangs convulsive torn;
 Tho' her self-balanc'd Fabrick shake,
 And ruin'd Nature mourn:

IV. Tho'

IV.

Tho' Hills be in the Ocean lost,

With all their shaggy Load:

No Fear shall e'er molest the Just,

Or shake his Trust in God.

V.

What tho' th' ungovern'd wild Abyfs

His Force tumultuous pour?

What tho' the wat'ry Legions rise,

And lash th' affrighted Shore?

VI.

What tho' the trembling Mountains nod,

Nor stand the rolling War?

Sion, secure, enjoys the Flood,

Loud-ecchoing from afar.

VII.

The Lord most high on Sion Hill

Has fix'd his sure Abode;

Nor

Nor dare th' impetuous Waves assail
The City of our God!

VIII.

Nations remote, and Realms unknown
In vain reject his Sway;
For lo! *Jehovah's* Voice is shown,
And Earth shall melt away!

IX.

Let War's devouring Tempests rise,
And rage on ev'ry Side;
The Lord of Hosts our Refuge is,
And *Jacob's* God our Guide.



C O R O L L A

I.

L *Ilia, adeste,*
Gloria vallis
Candida, castaque;
Sertaque nectite
Castæ Phyllidi,
Phyllidi candida.

II.

Virginæ Rosæ,
Quæ decus horti
Suave rubescitis,
Ambrosiosque
Fusius exha-
latis odores;

The W R E A T H.

Sweet, lovely, chaste,
 Ye Lillies haste,
 That in the Vallies breathe:
 To *Phyllis* haste,
 Sweet, lovely, chaste,
 For *Phyllis* twine the Wreath.

II.

Ye Roses come,
 With Virgin Bloom,
 The Pride of Gardens own'd;
 That, from your Bed,
 Diffusive shed
 Ambrosial Odours round.

III.

*Vos Viola, quæ,**Luxuriantis**Purpura veris,**Nascimini, sub-**nasciminique,**Pulchræ humilesque;*

IV.

*Vos quoque, Flosculi,**Copia ruris,**Quâ variatur**Omnis agellus,**Quâ decoratur**Omne viretum;*

V.

*Vos redolentes**Herbule, adeste,**Quas operosæ*

III.

Ye Violets too,
In Fields that grow,
And drink the vernal Dew ;
That dash the Woods,
The Meads, the Floods
With Drops of purple Hue.

IV.

And all ye Flow'rs,
Whose wilder Stores
O'er Nature's Face are seen ;
Whose various Dies
Promiscuous rise,
And paint th' enamel'd Green.

V.

Come Herbs, all ye
That tempt the Bee
From Leaf to Leaf to roam ;

Miscellaneous Poems.

Delibant apes,

Florea per loca

Huc illuc vagæ,

VI
And drink the vernal Dew.

Herbulæ, ædest,

Vos quoque, fœculi.

Et simul omnes

Intertexite

Mille colores

Milleque odores.

VII
O'er Nature's Face the tints

Sic redimitæ

Phyllida nostram.

Ut æque Flora

Vestra decenior,

Aut Dea sit ju-

cundior æspici.

From Leaf to Leaf to roam.

Whose balmy Veins
Reward her Pains,
And send her loaded home.

VI.

All, all be join'd,
Of every kind,
Flow'rs, Herbs; the sweet, the gay:
Twist Arm in Arm,
Weave Charm with Charm,
To *Phyllis* haste away.

VII.

Come, and invest
Her snowy Breast;
Come, bind her flowing Hair:
Like *Flora's* Dress
Be *Phyllis's*;
Like *Flora* she is fair.

VIII.

*At neque longam
Sic redimitæ
Phyllidi gratiam
Mille potestis
Addere flores,
Addere flosculi.*

IX.

*Quotquot odores,
Quotquot honores
Ver breve vobis
Impetrat, idem
Sol aperitque,
Claudit & idem:*

X.

*Quosve recludit;
Forsan & alter, &
Alter ab altero,*

VIII.

But little 'dures
Whate'er, ye Flow'rs,
Whate'er, ye Herbs, can give;
Nor shall your Aid
Long grace the Maid;
Nor have you long to live.

IX.

A little while
Your Glories smile,
A little little reign :
The Sun that warms
Your opening Charms,
Oft sees them close again.

X.

Or if they stay
Another Day,
And yet another Sun ;

Then

*Miscellaneous Poems.**Proximus, et qui**Nascitur illo,**Urit, adurit.*

XI.

*Interit annus,**Et subit alter,**Quem novus urget,**Et novus alter,**Intereuntem**Interiturus:*

XII.

*Sed florescere**Cernit eadem**Phyllida formidat**Quique recedit,**Quique supervenit,**Alter, et alter.*

Non

Then comes a Blaze
Of fiercer Rays;
They wither, and are gone.

XI.

A Year consumes,
Another comes,
And then a new takes Place;
Another new

Shall then ensue,
Another New, to pass,

XII.

But, all the while,
Her Beauties smile,
And tempt the Lover's Care;
A Year consumes,
Another comes;
And *Phyllis* still is fair,

XIII.

*Non datur etas**Omnibus una,**Nec decet omnes**Una superbia;**Cedite Phyllidi,**Cedite, flosculi.*

XIV.

*Cedite, sed ce-**dendo, dierum**Quo fuga ritu**Pergit, eodem**Dicite & annos**Ire, perire.*

XIII.

To all one Date
Assigns not Fate,
As plain, too plain appears;
Your Glories live
Days, four or five,
But hers as many Years.

XIV.

Yet, gentlest Race,
Your fleeting Grace
To blooming *Phyllis* lend:
And, as you fade,
Remind the Maid
That Years like Days must end.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

WHILE I my *Cynthia's* Praises sing,
 And chant her Fame in softest Lays:
 She scorns Young *Lewis*, tho' a King,
 And to his Crown prefers my Bays.

II.

Listen, she cries, ambitious Fair,
 Is ought so great as *Cynthia's* Name!
 While loftiest Titles sink to Air,
 This shall for ever shine the same.

III.

Nor Hopes of Love, nor Hopes of Gain
 Make *Cynthia's* Virtues to be known:
 She boasts, nor thinks her Triumphs vain:
 The Praise and Poet both her own.

A T A L O R, on a Tavern Bill.

LET me see! — Bread and Beer — Tripe and
 [Dressing — Hey Day!
 And Wine, and Welsh Rabbet — Here's the
 [Devil to pay!
 And then, o' my Conscience, besides his long Bill,
 Out of ev'ry poor Pint he has cabbag'd a Gill.
 For all his fine Bows, and his Speeches, and
 [Wheedle,
 I swear that a Vintner's as sharp as a Needle.

The Vintner, in hearing, reply'd, 'tis your
 [Pleasure
 'Gainst another Man's Bill to run out beyond
 [Measure.
 If we come to tax Reckonings, we all easily find
 Many *Items* and *Items* not at all to our Mind:
 There's your Silk, Twist, and Buckram; Mate-
 [rials and Making,
 And a Remnant — But pardon the Freedom I'm
 [taking.
 Come, live and let live, without any repining:
 I pay for my Doublet; pay You for your Lining.

LACHRYMÆ PICTORIS.

INfantem audivit puerum, sua gaudia, Apelles
 Intempestivo fato obiisse diem.

Ille, licet tristi perculsus imagine mortis,

Proferri in medium corpus inane jubet.

Et calamum & succos poscens, hos accipe luctus,

Merorem hunc ^{Dixit} duxit, nate, parentis habe.

Dixit; & ut clausit, clausos depinxit ocellos,

Officio pariter fidus utrique Pater

Frontemque, & crines, nec adhuc pallentia formans

Oscula, adumbravit lugubre Pictor opus.

Perge pater, mærendo tuos expendere luctus;

Nondum opus absolvit triste suprema manus.

Vidit adhuc molles Genitor super oscula risus

Vidit adhuc veneres irrubuisse genis;

Et

The *PAINTER'S MOURNING.*

A *Pelles* heard, with Grief to Parents known,
That early Death had snatch'd his Infant
Deep-struck, the Painter bids his Friends convey ^{[Son:}
To his sad Sight the dear remaining Clay;
His Pencil takes, This Plaint my Griefs require;
Accept, my Son, This Mourning from thy Sire.
The Father's Hand, to either Office true,
First clos'd the Eyes and when it clos'd them drew.
Each Feature see what equal Lines express!
He sighs, and sighing shades the mournful Piece.

Father, proceed; still let thy Sorrows flow,
Not yet thy final Hand has drawn thy Woe.

He sees where Beauty still her Station keeps,
Glow on the Cheeks, and smiles upon the Lips;

T

And,

*Et teneras raptim veneres, blandosque lepores,
Et tacitos risus transtulit in Tabulam.*

Pingendo desiste Tuum signare dolorem;

Filioli longum vivet imago Tui.

Vivet, & eternâ vives Tu laude; nec Arte

Vincendus Pictor, nec Pietate Pater.

T H R A X.

Threicium infantem, cum lucem intravit &
Fletibus excepit mæstus uterque ^{[auras,} parens.

Threicium infantem, cum luce exivit & auris,

Extulit ad funus letus uterque parens.

Interea, tu Roma, & tu tibi, Græcia, plaudens,

Dicitis, hæc vera est Thracia barbaries!

Letitiæ causam, causamque exquirite luctûs,

Est quod vos doceat Thracia barbaries.

And eager on the Tablet copies thence
The rosy Blush, the blooming Innocence.

'Tis done; in Strokes which Grief alone could give
Thy Son's fair Image shall for Ages live :
With Thee shall live ; nor Time shall equall'd see
The Painter's Art, or Father's Piety.

The *THRACIAN*.

THE *Thracian* Infant, ent'ring into Life,
Both Parents mourn for, both receive with
The *Thracian* Infant, snatch'd by Death away, ^{[Grief,}
Both Parents to the Grave with Joy convey.
This, *Greece* and *Rome*, you with Derision view,
This is meer *Thracian* Ignorance to you :
But if you weigh the Custom you despise,
This *Thracian* Ignorance may teach the Wise.

T 2

On

On the DEATH OF

Sir HERBERT POWELL *Baronet.**His saltem accumulæ donis, & fungar inani
Munere.*

THE genuine Grief, the Sorrow void of Art,
 The tender Gushings of the mournful
 [Heart;
 The pious Tears that big with Anguish roll,
 The Pangs that heave, the Sighs that rend the Soul:
 These fill my Lays, by these impell'd to write
 I sing; and all the Song my Woes indite.
 Gone is the Youth who taught my Plaints to
 Compos'd my Cares, and banish'd my Distress;
 Who bad my Joys on fair Foundations rise,
 And gave indulging Prospects to my Eyes:
 He's gone! and now afflicted, sunk, forlorn,
 I weep for ever, and for ever mourn.

Ev'n

Ev'n he, the Will Divine ordains it so,
My Triumph late, is now himself my Woe!
Veil'd the sweet Look, and still the gentle Breath,
And all the Friend and Patron lost in Death.
O who shall more my feeble Worth approve?
Who blest me more with so assur'd a Love?
None, none; with Life's first opening his began,
Grew with the Child, and ripen'd with the Man;
Perpetual burn'd amidst his vital Fire,
Nor, but with his Expiring, could expire.

O the dire Scene, and O the doleful Day,
When struggling in the Arms of Death he lay!
When these sad Eyes beheld his latest Strife,
And the stern Tyrant seizing on his Life;
When, reach'd out his pale Hand, and — Must we
But blot, Oblivion, blot it from my Heart, [part?
Fly it, my Soul; the dreadful Image fear,
'Tis too intense the Woe, 'tis what thou canst not bear.

What could be done? where where should I
My Hopes, to what last Refuge should they fly? ^{Apply?}
Past was he all Relief from human Care,
Deny'd to Physick, and deny'd to Pray'r.
Alone had I to own th' Almighty's Rod,
And for his Heav'n to supplicate his God;
To Him the dear departing Soul commend,
To Him, the Source of all Things and their End!
And instant am I plung'd in dread Amaze,
O'er ev'ry Sense a gloomy Horror strays;
The Face of Nature sickens to my Sight,
Nor shines the cheerful Sun with wonted Light;
Pall'd and disgusting are whate'er I see:
No longer has One World my Friend and Me.
Yet, for a Moment, ere he reach his Skies,
Bear him, Ye Angels, bear him to my Eyes;
See, see me all impatient, undismay'd,
Prepare to meet his disembodiy'd Shade!

Let

Let me, O let me hail him, ere he soar
His last, last Height! but dare, my Soul, no more:
Remov'd from Mortals, he has gain'd his Rest,
And reigns a Saint for ever with the Blest.

For that Divine Abode in early Day
The pious Child began his glorious Way;
Still in that happy, that well-chosen Road
The Youth, remembering his Creator, trod.
In early Day he Truth eternal sought,
And learn'd to rev'rence what the Scripture taught:
Always in that discern'd a Heav'nly Strain,
To Greece and Rome's proud Works ascrib'd in vain;
In these would praise each bright sublimer Stroke,
But bow'd and wonder'd when th' Almighty spoke.

For this, ere Pride could make his Reason blind,
His watchful Sire had shap'd his Infant Mind;
Betimes he form'd him, with religious Care,
And built his Wisdom on his Maker's Fear.

Oft heard these Ears, while with becoming Grace
Attention spread around and hush'd the Place,
Heard the good Man instruct his Son to move,
And point his Footsteps with paternal Love.
To Heav'n conducted he his first Regard,
And by Religion every Counsel squar'd;
With pious Skill the Paths of Virtue shew'd,
Paths which himself incessantly pursu'd!
Sweet were the Charms of his inspiring Tongue,
While on each Word the Youth with Transport
Yet, yet methinks the melting Voice I hear, [hung!
Yet, yet I sigh, and drop the silent Tear!

But ah! no more, their destin'd Periods run,
Instructs the Sire, or learns th' attentive Son!
No; God himself reveal'd their Pow'rs employs;
And what they each aspir'd to, each enjoys.

O with what Virtues unreveal'd to Day,
What latent Merit pass'd the Youth away!

What

What Prospects on his growing Years rely'd!
And when he fell what Expectations dy'd!

Then saw I Multitudes with Grief o'ercome,
Half lost to Life, half Partners in his Doom;
Tumultuous Crouds astonish'd with the Blow,
And rugged Peasants civiliz'd with Woe.

But what avail the Offices I pay,
The fond Remembrance, and the duteous Lay?
Nor That one Moment can my Friend retrieve,
Nor gives him This in well-sung Strains to live.
Fain wou'd I from Oblivion snatch his Name,
And what he lost in Life supply in Fame,
His equal Praise in lofty Numbers try,
Nor let him quite be lost, and wholly die:
This to attempt my Love and Zeal persuade;
But ah! how vainly were that Effort made!
Too sure has every human Thing its Date,
And we alas! and ours are due to Fate:

Soon

Soon, like the mourn'd, the Mourner must away ;
And endless Silence close the mortal Lay.

O ever-loving, ever-lov'd, adieu!

No more thy pleasing Aspect holds my View ;

No longer glads thy Voice this wishful Ear :

No more I see thee, and no more I hear.

Without thee must I pass this earthly Stage,

A joyless, melancholy Pilgrimage !

Yet will I bear thee ever in my Breast,

And meditate the Days which thou hast blest :

Yet will I hope that when my Sun shall set,

And I to Nature pay my final Debt ;

I still may thy Society obtain,

And what I lost by Death, by Death regain.



EPIGRAM from the Greek.

ON *Stygian* Banks, *Diogenes* the Wise
 Bursts into Laughter when he *Cræsus* spies;
 And thus bespeaks, in threadbare Cloak and old,
 The Monarch famous for his gather'd Gold:
 I, nothing leaving, all to *Charon* bear;
 Thou, *Cræsus*, rich on Earth hast nothing here.

On the foregoing EPIGRAM.

THE *Lydian* Prince is blam'd for Wealth alone,
 Tho' greater in his Virtues than his Throne.
 The *Cynick* Churl is prais'd, of Fame secure,
 Tho' void of ev'ry Grace, but being poor.
 Nor wonder whence this partial Judgment springs,
 Such Crowds are envious, and so few are Kings.

The H O R N - B O O K.

*Magni magna patrant, nos non nisi ludicra —
 — Podagra hæc otia fecit.*

HAil ! antient Book, most venerable Code,
 Learning's first Cradle, and its last Abode !
 The huge unnumber'd Volumes which we see,
 By lazy Plagiaries are stol'n from Thee :
 Yet future Times to thy sufficient Store
 Shall ne'er presume to add one Letter more.
 Thee will I sing, in comely Wainscot bound,
 And Golden Verge inclosing Thee around ;
 The faithful Horn before, from Age to Age,
 Preserving thy invaluable Page ;
 Behind thy Patron Saint in Armour shines,
 With Sword and Lance to guard thy sacred Lines :
 Beneath his Courser's Feet the Dragon lies
 Transfix'd, his Blood thy scarlet Cover dyes ;
 Th' in-

Th' instructive Handle's at the Bottom fixt,
Left wrangling Critics should pervert the Text.

Or ev'n to Gingerbread if thou descend,
And liqu'rish Learning to thy Babes extend;
Or if a Plain, o'er-spread with beaten Gold,
The sugar'd Treasure of thy Letters hold;
Thou still shalt be my Song — *Apollo's* Choir
I scorn; let *Cadmus* all my Verse inspire:

'Twas *Cadmus* who the first Materials brought,
Of all the Learning which has since been taught.
Soon made compleat; for Mortals ne'er shall know
More than contain'd of old the Christ-Cross-
[Row;
What Masters dictate, or grave Doctors preach,
Wise Matrons hence ev'n to our Children teach.

But as the Name of ev'ry Plant and Flow'r
(So common that each Peasant knows its Pow'r)
Physicians in mysterious Cant express,
T'amuse their Patients and enhance their Fees;

So

So from the Letters of our Native Tongue
Put in *Greek* Scrawls a Myſt'ry too is ſprung,
Schools are erected, puzzling Grammars made,
And artful Men ſtrike out a gainful Trade;
Strange Characters adorn the learned Gate,
And heedleſs Youth catch at the ſhining Bait;
The pregnant Boys the noiſy Charms declare,
And *Taus* and *Deltas* make their Mothers ſtare,
Th' uncommon Sounds amaze the vulgar Ear:
And what's uncommon never coſts too dear.
Yet in all Tongues the Hornbook is the ſame
Taught by the *Grecian* Maſter, or the *Engliſh* Dame.

But how ſhall I thy endleſs Virtues tell,
In which thou doſt all other Books excel?

No greazy Thumbs thy ſpotleſs Leaf can ſoil,
Nor crooked Dogs-ears thy ſmooth Corners ſpoil;
In idle Pages no *Errata* ſtand,
To tell the Blunders of the Printer's Hand;

No

No fulsome Dedication here is writ,
Nor flatt'ring Verse to praise the Author's Wit,
The Margin with no tedious Notes is vext,
Nor various Readings to confound the Text:
All Parties in thy lit'ral Sense agree,
Thou perfect Centre of blest Unity!

Search we the Records of an antient Date,
Or read what modern Histories relate,
They all proclaim what Wonders have been done
By the plain Letters taken as they run.
Too high the Floods of Passion us'd to rowl,
And rend the *Roman* Youth's impatient Soul;
His hasty Anger furnish'd Scenes of Blood,
And frequent Deaths of worthy Men ensu'd:
In vain were all the weaker Methods try'd,
None could suffice to stem the furious Tide.
Thy sacred Lines he did but once repeat,
And laid the Storm and cool'd the raging Heat.

Thy

Thy Heav'nly Notes, like Angels' Musick, cheer
Departing Souls, and sooth the dying Ear.

An aged Peasant, on his latest Bed,
Wish'd for a Friend some godly Book to read,
The pious Grandson thy known Handle takes,
And (Eyes lift up) this sav'ry Lecture makes,
Great *A* he gravely roar'd; th' important Sound
The empty Walls and hollow Roof resound:
Th' expiring Antient rais'd his drooping Head,
And thank'd his Stars that *Hodge* had learnt to read.
Great *B* the Youngker bawls: O Heav'nly breath!
What ghostly Comforts in the Hour of Death!
What Hopes I feel! Great *C* pronounc'd the Boy;
The Grandfire dies with Ecstasy of Joy.

Yet in some Lands such Ignorance abounds,
Whole Parishes scarce know thy useful Sounds,
Or ken which End of Thee stands uppermost,
Be the Priest absent, or the Handle lost.

Of *Essex* Hundreds Fame gives this Report ;
 But Fame, I ween, says many things in sport.
 Scarce lives the Man to whom thou'rt quite un-
 Tho' few th' extent of thy vast Empire own. [known,
 Whatever Wonders magic Spell can do,
 In Earth, in Air, in Sea, and Shades below ;
 What Words profound and dark wise *Mah'met*
 When his old Cow an Angel's Figure took ; [spoke,
 What strong Enchantments sage *Canidia* knew, }
 Or *Horace* sung, fierce Monsters to subdue, }
 O mighty Book, are all contain'd in you!

All human Arts and every Science meet
 Within the Limits of thy single Sheet,
 From thy vast Root all Learning's Branches grow,
 And all her Streams from thy deep Fountain flow.
 And lo! while thus thy Wonders I indite,
 Inspir'd, I feel the Pow'r of which I write.

U

The

The gentler Gout his former Rage forgets,
 Less frequent now and less severe the Fits;
 Loose grow the Chains which bound my useless
 Stiffness and Pain from ev'ry Joint retreat;
 Surprising Strength comes ev'ry Moment on,
 I stand, I step, I walk, and now I run.

Here let me cease, my hobling Numbers stop,
 And at thy Handle hang my Crutches up.

Trickall

The MONUMENT.

Post funera virtus.

A Monster, in a Course of Vice grown old,
 Leaves to his gaping Heir his ill-gain'd
 Streight breathes his Bust, streight are his Virtues
 Their Date commencing with the sculptur'd Stone.
 If on his specious Marble we rely,
 Pity a Worth like His shou'd ever die!
 If Credit to his real Life we give,
 Pity a Wretch like Him should ever live!

A PROLOGUE spoken before the BEAUX-STRATAGEM, acted by some young Persons of Quality.

LET Play-house Actors crowded Seats desire,
And stretch their venal Voices for their Hire:

We practise not for Gain, to grieve, or rage;

But enter, *gratis*, on a private Stage.

Expect not Here to see th' Ambitious rise,

To weep the falling Great, or wretched Wife.

Pleas'd if our Sport a Father entertains,

Or Mother's Joys shall recompense our Pains:

Our End is Mirth, our Characters are low,

A finish'd Rake, and Fortune-hunting Beau.

A Pair unhappy, parted by Consent,

And freed without an Act of Parliament.

T' obtain your Smiles with comic Scenes we try:

'Tis wholesomer to laugh, than 'tis to cry.

Whattho' they tell us Griefs, and Pains, and Cares
 Oppress with Loads of Woe the hoary Hairs :
 Those come too soon, how long soe'er they stay.
 Indulge the present Hour, and laugh to-day ;
 Our Years excuse us, 'tis our Time to play.

Occasion'd by the Death of Sir Godfrey Kneller.

A Las ! to this we come — Why, why is Life
 Thus led in Care, and Toil, and Pain, and
 A falsely studied, a mistaken Thing, [Strife?
 That in its Folly, with a Moment's Wing,
 Breaks like the Bubble of the silver Spring !
 So is the Hoard of Knowledge render'd vain,
 So end the Labours of the busy Brain.

For this we sit up late, and early rise,
 For this we tire the Hand, and dim the Eyes:

Curious

Curious, for this from Clime to Clime we run,
Freeze at the Pole, and burn beneath the Sun.

Kneller amidst his Studies yields his Breath,
And gives up all his Stores of Art to Death.

What tho' a common Race is cheaply run,
Sire after Sire, and Son pursuing Son?

What tho' we see a thousand daily die?

As River Waves are ever gliding by.

The Bubbles of a Court, the Chaff of Schools,
Beggars, and Banqueters, and Knaves, and Fools,
And Rakes, and Misers, and Buffoons and Beaux:
Nature her Millions to Succession throws.

And when the Hand of Death arrests the Great,
Leaving a Vacancy in Honour's Seat,

Princes with Ease the little Loss supply,

And Princes mount the Throne when Princes die.

Yet here a more than vulgar Loss she bears,

And, Bankrupt of Supply, dissolves in Tears,

Pale Study drops her long-collected Charms,
And sinks to Slumber with her folded Arms.

Whose Pencil now shall mark the awful Grace
Of *King's*, of *Cowper's*, or of *Newton's* Face?
Or in long-living Colours shall display
To the next Age the Wonder of To-day:
The charming *Howard*! while her Beauties glow,
While now her Lillies and her Roses blow?
Half with their heavy Labours cannot please;
And half Mankind are in the Arms of Ease.
But one *Vandike* appears in many an Age,
And but one *Kneller* ever grac'd the Stage:
So rare they come, so little is their Stay;
Alas! so long their Art, so short their Day!



ADVICE to One who was about to write, to
avoid the Immoralities of the antient and
modern POETS.

I.

IF e'er to Writing you pretend,
Your utmost Aim and Study bend
The Paths of Virtue to befriend,
However mean your Ditty;
That while your Verse the Reader draws
To Reason's and Religion's Laws,
None e'er hereafter may have Cause
To curse your being witty.

II.

No Gods or weak or wicked feign,
Where foolish Blasphemy is plain;
But Good to wire-draw from the Strain
The Critick's Art perplexes.

Make not a pious Chief forego
A Princess, he betray'd to Woe,
Nor Shepherd, unplatonic, show
His Fondness for *Alexis*.

III.

With partial Blindness to a Side,
Extol not furly Stoic Pride,
When wild Ambition's rapid Tide
Bursts Nature's Bonds asunder:
Nor let a Heroe loud blaspheme,
Rave like a Madman in a Dream,
'Till *Jove* himself affrighted seem,
Not trusting to his Thunder.

IV.

Nor chuse the wanton Ode, to praise
Unbridl'd Loves, or thoughtless Days,
In soft *Epicurean* Lays;
A num'rous melting Lyrick.

Nor

Nor Satyr, that would Lust chastize
With angry Warmth and Maxims wise,
Yet, loosely painting naked Vice,
Becomes its Panegyrick.

V.

Nor jumbled Atoms entertain
In the void Spaces of your Brain;
Deny all Gods, while *Venus* vain
Stands without Vesture painted.
Nor show the foul nocturnal Scene
Of Courts and Revellings unclean,
Where never Libertine had been
Worse than the Poet tainted.

VI.

Nor let luxuriant Fancy rove
Through Nature, and through Art of Love,
Skill'd in smooth Elegy to move,
Youth unexperienc'd firing.

Nor

Nor Gods as Brutes expose to view,
 Nor monstrous Crimes ; nor lend a Clew
 To guide the guilty Lover through
 The Mazes of Desiring.

VII.

Nor Sparrow mourn, nor sue to kifs ;
 Nor draw your fine-spun Wit so nice,
 That thin-spread Sense like nothing is,
 Or worse than nothing showing.
 Nor Spight in Epigram declare,
 Pleasing the Mob with Lewdness bare,
 Or Flatt'ry's pestilential Air
 In Ears of Princes blowing.

VIII.

Through modern *Italy* pass down,
 In Crimes inferior she to none !
 Through *France*, her Thoughts in Lust alone
 Without Reserve proclaiming.

Stay

Stay there who count it worth the while,
Let us deduce our useful Style,
To note the Poets of our Isle,
And only spare the naming.

IX.

Sing not loose Stories for the Nonce,
Where Mirth for Bawdry ill atones,
Nor long-tongu'd Wife of Bath, at once
On Earth and Heaven jesting.
Nor, while the main at Virtue aims,
Insert, to sooth forbidden Flames,
In a chaste Work, a Squire of Dames,
Or *Paridell* a feasting.

X.

Nor Comick Licence let us see,
Where all things sacred outrag'd be,
Where Plots of meer Adultery
Fill the lascivious Pages.

One only Step can yet remain,
More frankly, shamelessly unclean;
To bring it from behind the Scene,
And act it on the Stages.

XI.

Nor make your tragick Heroe bold
Out-bully *Capaneus* of old,
While juggling Gods his Rage behold,
And tremble at his frowning.
Nor need'st Thou vulgar Wit display,
Acknowledg'd in Dramatick Way
Greatest and best, O spare the Lay
Of poor *Ophelia* drowning.

XII.

Nor dress your Shame in courtly Phrase,
Where artful Breaks the Fancy raise,
And Ribaldry unnam'd the Lays
Transparently is seen in.

Nor

Nor make it your peculiar Pride,
To strive to show what others hide;
To throw the Fig-leaf quite aside,
And scorn a double Meaning.

XIII.

Nor ever prostitute the Muse,
Malicious, mercenary, loose,
All Faiths, all Parties to abuse;
Still changing, still to Evil:
Taint not with impious Scenes the Age,
Nor make, outrageous on the Stage,
A *Maximin* with Heav'n engage,
Blaspheming like a Devil.

XIV.

Detest prophaning Holy Writ,
A Rock where Heathens could not split:
Old *Jove* more harmless charm'd the Pit,
Of *Plautus's* Creation.

Than

Than when th' Adulterer was show'd
 With Attributes of real God:
 But Fools, the Means of Grace allow'd,
 Pervert to their Damnation.

XV.

Mingle not Wit with Treason rude,
 To please the Rebel Multitude:
 From Poison intermix'd with Food
 What Caution e'er can screen us?
 Ne'er stoop to court a wanton Smile;
 Thy pious Strains and lofty Style,
 Too light let nor an *Alma* foil,
 Nor paltry Dove of *Venus*.

XVI.

Such Blots deform the tuneful Train,
 Whilst they false Glory would attain,
 Or present Mirth, or present Gain,
 Unmindful of Hereafter.

Do you mistaken Ends despise,
Nor fear to fall, nor seek to rise,
Nor taint the Good, nor grieve the Wife,
To tickle Fools with Laughter.

XVII.

What tho' with Ease you could aspire
To *Virgil's* Art, or *Homer's* Fire?
If Vice and Lewdness breaths the Lyre,
If Virtue it asperges :
Better with honest *Quarles* compose
Emblem, that good Intention shows,
Better be *Bunyan* in his Prose,
Or *Sternhold* in his Verses.



An ODE from Anacreon, in the Greek Measure.

"Ἔως ποτ' ἐν πόσιν, &c.

IN Roses *Cupid* peeping,
 Disturb'd a Bee a-sleeping;
 Nor spy'd it, ere it stung him,
 The Smart so sorely wrung him:
 His precious Tears he wasted,
 And streight to *Venus* hasted.
 I'm kill'd, O Mother, crying,
 I'm kill'd, I'm just a dying!
 No Chance was ever sadder;
 A tiney winged Adder,
 A Bee by Peasants named,
 My Finger has enflamed.

If for a Bee to sting thee,
 Quoth she, such Trouble bring thee;
 Think, *Cupid*, how confounded
 Are those whom thou hast wounded!

The SAVAGE; occasion'd by the bringing to Court a wild Youth, taken in the Woods in Germany, in the Year 1725.

YE Courtiers, who the Blessings know
 From sweet Society that flow,
 Adorn'd with each politer Grace
 Above the rest of human Race;
 Receive this Youth unform'd, untaught,
 From solitary Desarts brought,
 To brutish Converse long confin'd,
 Wild, and a Stranger to his Kind:
 Receive him, and with tender Care,
 For Reason's Use his Mind prepare;
 Shew him in Words his Thoughts to dress,
 To think, and what he thinks express;
 His Manners form, his Conduct plan,
 And civilize him into Man.

But with false alluring Smile
 If you teach him to beguile;

If with Language soft and fair
You instruct him to ensnare,
If to foul and brutal Vice,
Envy, Pride, or Avarice,
Tend the Precepts you impart;
If you taint his spotless Heart:
Speechless send him back agen
To the Woods of *Hamelen*;
Still in Defarts let him stray,
As his Choice directs his Way;
Let him still a Rover be,
Still be innocent and free.

He, whose lustful lawless Mind
Is to Reason's Guidance blind,
Ever slavish to obey
Each imperious Passion's Sway,
Smooth and Courtly tho' he be,
He's the Savage, only He.

A verbal TRANSLATION, by way of Essay,
of Part of the first Book of Virgil's *Æneid*.

A RMS, and the Man I sing, who from *Troy's*
First, to *Italia* and *Lavinium's* Shores, ^[Coasts]
By Fate a Wand'rer, came; much was he tost
O'er Lands and Sea, through Rigour of the ^{[Gods,}
For cruel *Juno's* forgetful Hate.
Much also he by War endur'd; ere yet
His City he could stablish, and transfer
His Gods to *Latium*; whence the *Latin Race*,
And *Alban Sires*, and Walls of lofty *Rome*.

Tell me the Causes, Muse, what Deity
Incens'd, or whence the Queen of Gods aggriev'd,
Compell'd the Man, for Piety renown'd,
So many Turns to bear, so many Labours
T'engage. Have Heav'nly Minds such mighty ^{[Wrath?}
There was an antient City, *Carthage* nam'd
(By *Tyrian* People held) against *Italia*

And *Tiber's* Mouths, far off; with Riches stor'd
And rough in Arts of War: which, Fame reports,
Juno alone more than all Lands esteem'd,
Samos postpon'd; here was her Armour, here
Her Chariot: if the Fates might e'er permit,
Ev'n then the Goddess had design'd and aim'd
That this should be the Empire o'er the Nations.
Since from *Troy's* Blood a Branch, she heard, would
Which should hereafter raze the *Tyrian* Tow'rs. ^{[spring,}
Hence a wide-ruling People, proud in War,
Should come for *Libya's* Bane, so doom the Fates!
This fear'd *Saturnia*, and th' old War remember'd
Which first at *Troy* she wag'd for *Argi* dear,
Nor yet the Grounds of Wrath, and cruel Grievs
Had left her Soul: deep fixt was in her Mind
Th' Award of *Paris*, and the Injury
Of slighted Beauty; and the hated Race,
And Honours of the ravish'd *Ganymede*.

Fir'd with all this, she chas'd from *Latium* far
The *Trojans* tost o'er the whole Ocean, Reliques
Of *Greeks* and stern *Achilles*: many Years
They wander'd, driv'n by Fates, all Seas about.
So vast the Toil to found the *Roman* State!

*To a young Gentleman, on his Recovery from a
Fit of Sickness.*

I Who was late concern'd to hear
The danger of a Life so dear,
Would now a friendly Verse employ
To claim an Int'rest in your Joy;
Joy to your self, a second Time
Rescued from falling in your Prime;
Joy to your Parents, happy now,
To whom so often Life you owe,
As guarded by a Father's Care,
Or granted to a Mother's Pray'r,

How did they mourn your early Bloom,
The Promise of a Man to come!
The pleasing Hope they us'd to raise,
When planning of your future Days!
What Pangs the former transport cost,
Which seem'd, alas! for ever lost!
What tenderness of Grief! which you,
Till you're a Parent, cannot know:
For who can know except they feel,
The Pains that are unspeakable?
Pains that are heightened to Excess,
By Thoughts of transient Happiness.
So various Scenes amuse the Eye
In Clouds that paint a Summer's Sky;
Short Pleasure! ev'ry fleeting breeze
Destroys the wavering Images;
Well, if the Prospect disappears
Without dissolving into Tears.

O tread in Virtue's happy Road,
True to your self, and to your God:
To him perpetual Homage give,
And live to him, by whom you live.
No vicious Course your Youth engage,
To treasure Sorrow for your Age;
That none, by Blood or Love ally'd,
Have cause to wish you now had dy'd:
That each one who your Worth surveys,
May bless the lengthning of your Days.
'Tis well if all your coming Years
May pay a Father for his Tears;
If Joy that from your Welfare flows,
May recompence a Mother's Woes.

HORACE, ODE XV. BOOK I.

I.

AS faithless *Paris* plough'd his liquid Way,
 Pleas'd and transported with his beauteous
 Sudden the Winds forgot to blow, [Prey;
 And an ungrateful Calm made the dull Waves move
 While *Nereus*, Prophet of unwelcome Truth, [slow:
 Dash'd the proud exulting Youth
 With threaten'd Vengeance, and impending Woe.

II.

With adverse Signs You bear Her home in vain,
 Whom *Greece* united shall restore again,
Greece, sworn to blast your Joys, and end old }
 [Priam's Reign!

III.

See Thou, the hateful Cause of all,
 What Judgments *Troy's* unhappy Sons befall!
 Behold, the furious Hosts engage,
 And Death in all his Horrors rage!

See War's grim Goddess rush into the Field !
 See nod her plummy Crest, and gleam her dreadful
 [Shield !

IV.

In vain, too confident of *Venus* near,
 Shall you in Ringlets bind your flowing Hair ;
 In vain shall you awake the silent String,
 While Virgins grow enamour'd as you sing ;
 Resign'd to Softness, shun in vain
 The Terrors of th' embattled Plain,
 The winged Shaft, the rapid Spear,
 And all the dire Confusion of the War :
 At length the Vengeance due shall come,
 At length ! but ah ! too late, thy Doom !
 Inglorious Dust shall then that Hair o'erspread,
 And Shame eternal rest on thy adult'rous Head.

V.

See'st not *Ulysses*, nor the *Pylian* Sage ?
 Bane of thy Country ! eager to engage

Teucer

Teucer and *Sthenelus* excite thy Fear,
Expert alike, to stand the Shock of War,
Or with an even Rein to guide the flying Carr. }

On Thee shall swarthy *Merion* prove his Might:
But, lo! *Tydidēs*, burning for the Fight,
From Rank to Rank with rapid Fury flies,
And seeks for *Paris* with revengeful Eyes.
Him Thou shalt fly, struck with a cold Despair,
Not this you promis'd your deluded Fair!

So, when the Wolf from far appears,
The Stag resumes his wonted Fears,
Panting he leaves his Food behind,
And vies in Swiftneſs with the Wind,
A-while *Pelides* ſhall delay
The ſad, avenging, fatal Day,
That ſees the '*Dardans*' lateſt Hopes expire,
And *Ilium* whelm'd beneath a Flood of Fire.

ODE upon CHRIST's Crucifixion.

From the Greek.

E Nough of *Pagan* idle Toys;
Change the Strings and raise the Voice,
To sacred Notes the Lyre apply'd,
Hail the King! the Crucify'd!
Of Wonders thou eternal Store!
O what first shall I explore?
Fain would I scan, fain would I tell
Mysteries unspeakable
By Man or Spirits blest on high
How the living God could die!
I'll tell of Love to Creatures' Sight
Fathomless and infinite.
His well-lov'd Son the Father chose
Bleeding Ransom for his Foes!

I'll sing in lofty Strains aloud

Triumphs of the bury'd God.

Hell and the Grave are Captives led,

Death is conquer'd by the Dead !

But hark, from *Calvary* rebounds

Mixture of affrighting Sounds

Loud echoing dreadful from afar,

Of the Slain and of the Slayer,

That wounds mine Ear: haste quickly, fly

To the Mountain's Top mine Eye:

Him 'midst the Three expiring view;

How unlike the other two!

His gentle Head he meekly bends,

Wide his sacred Arms extends;

The cruel Nails, his Weight that bear,

Tear him, fast'ning while they tear.

This suffer'd, wretched Man, for Thee,

Without suff'ring canst Thou see?

Thick

Thick rise thy Groans, thy Vesture tear,
Beat the Breast and rend the Hair;
The tend'rest yearning Pangs be thine:
All in Purple see him shine,
Not purchas'd from the *Tyrian* Shore,
Dy'd, alas! with dropping Gore:
Part by his bleeding Temples shed
From the Thorns which pierc'd his Head,
Part from the long-drawn Furrows flow'd
Which the twisted Scourge has plough'd.
High let thy Streams of Sorrow rise,
Ope the Fountains of thine Eyes,
Pour, pour on Earth a gushing Flood;
Since, so lib'ral of his Blood,
His vital Drops for Thee He spares,
Canst thou, Mortal, grudge thy Tears?

Idem

Idem agit Idem.

F *Elacula ad speculum saltu lascivit herile,
Lascivam saltu feliculamque videt.*

*Nigra videt nigram; bicolor naso, bicolorem;
Glaucaque torquentem lumina, glauca tuens.*

*Et sociam ad lusus lentæ incurvamine cauda
Provocat, & lepidi mobilitate pedis.*

*Utraque utramque laceffit, & utraque palpat utram-
Et molle oppositos explicat unguiculos.* [que;

*Jam tumet in tergum, & simulatas expuit iras;
Et tumet, & similes expuit umbra minas.*

*Quenam hæc sit, Mima unde sui tam mimica, querit
Felis; an in speculo, post speculumne, fiet.*

*Te quoque, præsentem præsens, quam queris, & Illa
Querit; an in speculo, post speculumne, fies.*

*Alterutra alterutram queritque & decipit, idque
Felicula facitis, quod facis una, due.*

Si-

Simile agit in Simile.

C *Risatus, pietisque ad Thaida Psittacus alis,
Missus ab Eoo munus amante venit.*

Ancillis mandat primam formare loquelam,

Archididascaliae dat sibi Thais opus.

Psittace, ait Thais, fingitque sonantia molle

Basia, quæ docilis molle refingit Avis.

Jam captat, jam dimidiat Tyrunculus; & jam

Integrat auditos articulatque sonos.

Psittace mi pulcher pulchelle, Hera dicit alumno;

Psittace mi pulcher, reddit alumnus Hera.

Jamque canit, ridet, deciesque egrotat in hora,

Et vocat ancillas nomine quamque suo.

Multaque scurratur mendax, & multa jocatur,

Et lepidò populum detinet augurio.

Nunc tremulum illudit Fratrem; qui suspicit, & Pol'

Carnalis, quisquis te docet, inquit, Homo est.

Argutæ nunc stridet anūs argutulus instar;

Respicit, & nebulo es, quisquis es, inquit Anus.

Quando fuit melior Tyro, meliorve Magistra!

Quando duo ingeniis tam coiere pares!

Ardua discenti nulla est, res nulla docenti

Ardua; cum doceat Fæmina, discat Avis.

Agens & Patiens sunt simul.

DUxit Acon Leonillam; haud una atque altera
 Decrevit, male cum se nova nupta tulit: ^[luna]

Os pallet, languent oculi, stomachoque fit ista

Nausea, quæ gravidas denotat esse Nurus.

Esto fides dictis; eadem quoque Nausea Aconti est,

Pallidus est pariter vultus, ocellus hebes.

Nutrix, sedula Anus, fomenta utrique ministrat,

Cardiacum uxori, Cardiacumque viro.

Quis novus hic, Nutrix, morbus? socii unde dolores?

Quave sumus gravidi conditione viri?

Nutrix, callida Anus, fuit, inquit, utrique Voluptas,

Æqua satis Lex est, ut sit utrique Dolor.

